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THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

M. DOUMERGUE has managed to remake his Cabinet without much difficulty. M. Herriot having been ruled out for tactical reasons, M. Laval is elevated from the Colonial Office to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. M. Laval has the advantage of not having been much in the public eye of late. When he was Prime Minister in 1931 and 1932 there was a marked cooling off in the relations between France and Germany established in the Briand-Stresemann days; but he visited Berlin as an apostle of *rapprochement*, though his plans, if he had any, came to nothing. His attitude to Hitler's Germany is that of the great majority of his countrymen, and we may expect his foreign policy to be no worse and no better than M. Barthou's. Two other members of the Government were forced to resign. The Minister of the Interior was the national scapegoat; the Minister of Justice had earned a great deal of unpopularity in connection with the Stavisky scandals, and certain of his colleagues seized this occasion to demand his head on a charger. His post is filled by a nonentity, the other by M. Marchandeau, the financial expert who was at the Treasury last winter struggling with the Budget. He is now faced with another herculean labour—the reform of the police.

The Marseilles Assassin

Despite the frantic activities of the police, the identity of the Marseilles assassin is still in doubt. It appears to be the general view now, in Jugoslavia at any rate, that he was a Macedonian, a member not merely of some small terrorist gang, but of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organisation itself, the formidable movement that, from its seat in the mountains, has so long harassed both Jugoslavia and Bulgaria. Its recent break up by the Bulgarian Government was an important factor in the *rapprochement* which was symbolised by King Alexander's visit to Sofia. But these Macedonians were not common brigands. They were champions of the Macedonian minority which was being so ruthlessly repressed in Jugoslavia, and fighters for an autonomous Macedonia. There would be nothing surprising, therefore, in Alexander, as the head and front of Serbian tyranny, meeting his death from this quarter. That the murderer and his accomplices were deliberately harboured and encouraged by the Hungarian Government, as is alleged in Jugoslavia, is not incredible. But it is very far from proved, and only those who are eager to see bad blood made worse will wish it to be proved. In any case, the routing out of Croatian or Macedonian terrorists, however desirable it may be, will not ensure tranquillity to Jugoslavia or safety to its rulers. Until a more liberal policy is pursued by the Serbs, terrorism, organised or unorganised, will continue to flourish.

Adolphus Caesar

The announcement that Herr Hitler is President and Chancellor for life, and that his ministers are responsible to him and not to the Reichstag, is interesting but of no practical importance. Nobody imagined that he intended ever to humble himself to the level of the American President, or to exalt his pinchbeck parliament to the position of the House of Commons or the Chambre des Deputés. All that has happened is that *de facto* has become *de jure* (or perhaps *injuria* would be a better word). His problem now will be to hold his power. His position at the moment looks strong; but it is weaker and not stronger than it was at the plebiscite a couple of months ago. Like every dictator, he has many enemies; some, the Socialists and Communists, he has put out of action; others, the Catholic Church in particular, he has by no means disposed of. And his henchman, Reichsbishop Müller, is rapidly increasing the opposition among the Protestants; some of the leaders even of the "German Church" are showing signs of revolt. There are economic difficulties, too, to be reckoned with, and discontent within the Nazi Party itself. All this is not to say that Hitler's end is near. But who would bet on his dying in his bed with all the powers of a Roman Emperor a generation hence?

China and the Silver Question

While China is taking steps (discussed by our City Editor) to counteract the effects of Roosevelt's silver policy in her own country, she has also lodged a strong protest at Washington. The forcing up of silver prices by American buying has caused, and is still causing, a heavy export of silver from China. The higher value set on silver increases the external purchasing power of Chinese money; but it also creates a currency famine in the interior, and thus forces internal prices down to a disastrous extent. Moreover, Chinese exports become dearer in the world market, and are thus discouraged; and the more this happens the more silver is exported to pay for imports. The American Government, in its reply to the Chinese complaints, holds out little hope of a change of policy, pointing out that the silver-buying policy has been adopted by Congress, and cannot be altered by administrative action. The Chinese want the American Government to confine its purchases to silver produced in America, without buying in the world market. But even if this were done—which is most unlikely—China's troubles would largely remain. Silver was being drained from the interior to Shanghai and Hong Kong before the present American policy was in force; and the raising of the American price and demand would be bound in any case to affect conditions in the world market. Just as the "gold bloc" countries are embarrassed by the high price of gold, so dear silver reacts to the disadvantage of the Chinese exporter, and even with Chinese money at a higher external value, China has less real ability to pay debts and buy imports than she had before.

Slums

The slum landlords' campaign that was heralded at the Conservative Conference at Bristol is now being pursued in the press. Some of these property owners have, no doubt, legitimate grievances as regards anomalies of compensation. But Sir Hilton Young cannot be blamed for that, and we hope he will not, under reactionary pressure, be driven from the position he has taken up—that the owner of a bad house is in the same category as the owner of bad meat. Let every landlord get his fair due when his property is taken over; but there must be no stretching or amending of the law to give him more than his bare due. In a speech on Tuesday the Minister talked of the great things that his forthcoming Bill will do, with its national standard of overcrowding, its surveys, its subsidies and what not. We live in hopes; the results of Sir Hilton Young's policy so far have been very meagre. Meanwhile, without waiting for the Bill, the citizens in every town can do valuable work, as some have already done, in exposing the facts and stimulating their local authority. We have before us a report prepared and published by the Colchester and District Progressive Council, showing, with a full array of facts and figures, the sorry state of affairs in a town that one would not have expected to be on the black list. It has much overcrowding, many houses in bad condition, many without proper conveniences, many with two bedrooms, occupied by families of both sexes; and there is evidently an urgent need, as the Report says, for the building of houses at rents which the lower-paid workers can afford.

The South Wales Miners

The arbitrators who are to deal with the questions at issue in the recent South Wales coal dispute have now been appointed. Unless Sir David Shackleton is to be regarded as a "Labour representative," because he was a Trade Union official and a Labour M.P. in the very distant past before becoming a Civil Servant, the nominations appear to be of a sort to please the owners rather than the miners. The owners wanted a tribunal of men wholly outside the industry, and without either "capitalist" or "Labour" associations, whereas the miners wanted a tribunal with inside knowledge of the affairs of the industry, including someone who could be regarded as representing the Labour point of view. At the same time as the tribunal is appointed, the South Wales owners and miners have met to work out a new agreement based on the recent settlement. But fresh troubles appear to be brewing over membership of the South Wales Miners' Federation. The Federation is conducting, both against non-unionism and against the "non-political" Miners' Industrial Union, which is favoured by many owners, a campaign for "100 per cent. membership." Already there is a strike in progress on this issue at one big colliery, and further strikes are threatened. The miners want to re-establish the old position which made membership of the S.W.M.F. a virtual condition of employment throughout the coalfield. Many of the owners are likely to fight this policy tooth and nail. It would be a mistake to assume, because the wage question is out of the way for the present, that peace has been ensured in the Welsh coalfield.

Electricity, the Next Step

The Central Electricity Board is making another issue of capital. Empowered under the Act which established it to borrow up to £60,000,000, with the sanction of the Electricity Commissioners, it has now reached, including the new loan, a total of about £49,000,000. All this money has been borrowed without invoking the State

guarantee of interest which the Board is entitled to ask for, on the strength of the anticipated revenue of the undertaking. The magnitude of the amount already borrowed serves to remind us that the "grid" is now nearing completion—a fact fraught with unpleasant possibilities for the electrical manufacturers, who have greatly expanded their output to cope with the "grid's" demands, and have in this way more than made up for their loss of exports. What is to happen next, when the "grid" is finished? There is plenty that can and should happen; for the "grid" is only a system of wholesale transmission which still leaves large parts of the country, especially the rural districts, unsupplied. The next step should clearly be to work out and apply a national system of retail distribution which will make electrical current obtainable all over the country at a reasonable price.

Sir Allan Smith's Retirement

Sir Allan Smith has just retired from the Engineering Employers' Federation, after being in its service for forty odd years, and at its head for about twenty years. All through the war, and in the period of post-war reorganisation, Sir Allan Smith was the man who represented the employers in every vital discussion over wages, dilution of labour, and the restoration of Trade Union practices. He led the employers' side in Mr. Lloyd George's National Industrial Conference of 1919, and became the head of the National Confederation of Employers' Organisations which were formed as the complement and associate of the Federation of British Industries. Yet Sir Allan Smith was never himself an employer. He was a salaried officer, with a legal training, who put the employers'—his employers'—case far better than they could put it themselves. In manner hard and unyielding, he yet managed usually to keep the peace; but he gave nothing away without a very clear idea of what he was doing. The Trade Union leaders had grown so used to him that they regarded him as an institution, and let him bully them in a style they would have resented from anyone else. No man stood so clearly as he, since the retirement of Sir Thomas Ratcliffe-Ellis from the service of the coalowners, for the type of capitalist "civil servant" who had discovered the art of managing a difficult herd of employers much as a departmental head manages a recalcitrant Minister.

The MacRobertson Air Race

Mr. Anthony Fokker, the famous Dutch designer of aircraft, has said that the MacRobertson race from Mildenhall to Melbourne is of a kind that does no good to civil aviation or to the aircraft industry. It is admittedly an exceptionally dangerous adventure: it will be surprising if it passes without loss of life. The distance by Grand Circle is some eleven thousand three hundred miles; the actual distance will be much greater. It is possible that this may be achieved in less than four days, or under half the present record, by machines flying night and day and only alighting at the control points to take on oil and petrol. A good deal of natural selection occurs before every great racing event, and out of the fifty-nine entrants only just over twenty have put in an appearance at Mildenhall and the race is no longer so international an affair as it promised to be originally. The first prize for the fastest time is £10,000, but for this only about half the machines are entered, the others are out for the handicap prizes. The numerical odds are heavily on a British machine winning, and the speed race may turn out to be between the three new, completely untried De Havilland Comets, which are capable of 235 m.p.h., and Captain Neville Stack's Airspeed machine. But the Dutchmen, Parmentier and Moll, are probably the most experienced pilots on this route. Their American Douglas machine only does a modest 190 m.p.h., but it is pretty certain to turn up in Melbourne.

Ribbon Development

If the Minister of Transport's performance matches his promises he will deserve a special niche in history as the politician who got things done. His latest project, according to a report in the *Daily Herald*, is to back legislation for prohibiting ribbon development. Few reforms are more pressingly needed. The only way in which the evil of ribbon development can now be tackled is by means of private bills promoted by local authorities: such powers have already been acquired by the County Councils of Surrey, Essex and Middlesex. But it is absurd that action should be left to the vagaries of local bodies, many of whom even if they realised the need might be prevented from acting by the expense and delay which promotion of private bills involves. Mr. Hore-Belisha's idea would apparently be to pass special legislation conferring general powers on all local authorities. Even then the trouble might be to get them to enforce them, and most difficult problems of compensation and administration would still remain. If, as was reported last week, the Minister contemplates taking over A and B class roads and putting them under national control, presumably this would cover ribbon development so far as such roads were concerned. Between the intention or desire to act and action itself there is liable to be a considerable gap, and we shall wait impatiently for the details of Mr. Hore-Belisha's plans.

Youth Hostels

The international conference of the Youth Hostel Associations, at which representatives of fifteen different nationalities are present, is taking place this week-end. In a depressing world few things have been so encouraging as the success of the Youth Hostel idea, with the promise it holds out not only of healthier leisure for young people and a better appreciation of the countryside and its problems on the part of urban dwellers, but also of freer physical and mental contact between the younger generation of many nations. The rapid development of the movement in this country has been remarkable. Founded here only four years ago it now boasts a membership of over 40,000 and a list of 216 hostels, and is expanding almost daily. It shows what a need there was to be met. Many problems are raised by the growth of the new social habit of mass-hiking, and it cannot fail to be of value to the British Y.H.A. to learn how other countries are dealing with them. One of the most difficult is that of the rights and responsibilities of hikers in relation to private ownership of land. This problem is being attacked in the North by the method of mass-trespass, followed by mass-prosecution.

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THE NAVAL BALANCE OF POWER

CONFERENCES, in a world that has lost its sense of international solidarity, are no longer occasions that rally the irrepressible hopefulness of mankind. If the Naval Conference, for which the three leading sea-powers are about to prepare in London, should achieve little, failure will not overtake it because it started with an unwieldy cargo of illusions. No one, indeed, can be sure that this Conference will even assemble, and, if it meets, it may fade out as the Economic Conference and presumably the Disarmament Conference have done. That is not a prospect that one can take lightly. It would mean for our country, even more certainly and more heavily than the breakdown at Geneva, the addition of fresh burdens to the Budget—burdens enough to satisfy even the Tory malcontents at Bristol. But it would also mean in the Far East the escape of Japan from the last fetters of international control that bound her. That would spell either an angry outbreak of anarchy and strife in further Asia, into which the United States as well as Russia might easily be drawn, or else the supine acceptance by other interested Powers of Japan's claim to dominate and police a vast and elastic area in Asia and Australasia. Seldom in history have governments seemed to abandon themselves so complacently to the direction of their experts over issues so momentous, while the admirals wrangle over global tonnage and the relative merits of 12-inch or 16-inch guns, the real issue will be whether the world shall rush into a struggle for the Empire of the East, or surrender it without a contest to Japan.

While the experts assemble, it would be well for the rest of us to survey the political background of this conference, that we may see the various technical issues in perspective. It meets after the failure at Geneva to give any concrete meaning to collective security. If such a system effectively existed, the question for debate in London would start from the League's Covenant or the Kellogg Pact, and the Conference, regarding each Navy only as a wing or flotilla of an international armada maintained to keep the peace of the seas, would assign to each national contingent the dimensions and the armament that would best assure the realisation of this common purpose. It is safe to predict that no consideration of this kind will flicker for a moment in the private calculations or even in the public speeches of the Powers. They meet as sovereign States, whose high privilege is to fix their own armaments with their own interests and needs as their sole guide. They will jealously scrutinise the balance of naval power, on the assumption that each must provide unaided for its own defence. Pacts and covenants will not influence our Admiralty or any other to demand so much as one destroyer less than it would have demanded if Geneva had never seen an assembly of the League. In short, disarmament at sea, in any real sense of the word, is an unattainable objective in a world that can neither rationalise its economic life, nor organise collective security, nor arrange to disarm in the air. Power remains on a competitive footing. While that is so, the best that one can hope for would be some all-round limitation in the interests of economy, whether of the number or the dimensions of ships, and conceivably the sacrifice of some particularly unpopular type of ship under the pressure of humanitarian opinion. But an agreement on these modest lines, or any agreement at all, presupposes that the balance of power is stable, and that the allocation of relative strengths reached at Washington and prolonged (as regards the three leading Powers) at London will perish undisturbed.

Unhappily this preliminary condition for any limitation of naval armaments, and *a fortiori* for any all-round reduction, does not exist. The balance of power is not stable. That was the basic fact at Geneva, where Germany faced her victors with a claim for equality. She will not be represented at London, but she will have to be considered if any convention is to be reached. Hitler does not aim at expansion overseas. He thinks that the capital error of the Empire was its challenge to British sea-power. He proposes to expand chiefly at Russia's expense, and for that purpose a great fleet is unnecessary. But to conclude that he will accept at sea the limitations of the Versailles Treaty would be rash. He is now tied to the Reichswehr, which cannot forget the traditional enemy beyond the Rhine, and has a hankering for an efficient if not for a great fleet. That, then, is the first element of uncertainty. It has already stimulated French building, which in turn affects Italy. If France builds against Germany, and Italy against France, the British Admiralty, however unreasonably, raises its own measure of a two-power standard.

But at London it is Japan that will play the part that Germany filled at Geneva; she is the ambitious and expanding Power that faces the sated Powers with a claim for the revision of the Balance. It is probable that she will at the end of this year liberate herself from the treaties that bind her, and it is certain that she will not again accept the 3 : 5 ratio that regulated her strength in relation to the American and British fleets. She claims parity, and even if this be a bargaining bluff, she is determined to secure some considerable addition to her relative power. It would be unwise to suppose that she means much less than she says, or that she would hesitate to break up the Conference if she fails to get what she wants, or most of it. Doubtless she would prefer a friendly solution, the raising by consent of her status and her actual strength, but her behaviour at Geneva is a warning that she will not hesitate to take on herself the responsibility for a defiant decision. It is equally improbable that the United States will give its consent to parity, or to anything approaching it. That seems to point to deadlock.

The only thing that might induce the Japanese to hesitate, or at least to compromise, would be a firm determination on the part of Great Britain and the United States to resist her. It is not enough that they should refuse to sanction her claim to parity at sea. That she would ignore quite calmly. They must convince her that they will stand together so firmly in resistance to her imperialism, whether it turns against China or Russia, that her additional ships will seem to her a mere waste of money. There is a a naval problem only because the political problem has been shelved. So long as experience justifies Japan in the belief that a given quantity of tanks, aeroplanes and ships will enable her to secure a given amount of territory on the continent of Asia, on (which is worth even more) the ability up to a given point to dictate to Nanking, so long will she go on building ships, tanks and aeroplanes, con-

fident that more ships will bring more territory or a hegemony still more absolute.

On the facts before us, a Japanese Government would be justified in reckoning that it never will be confronted with a solid Anglo-American understanding capable of action. Washington and Whitehall are entering this Conference with programmes perfectly devised for mutual frustration. Both are virtuous Powers, both desire to reduce the burden of naval armaments. But each in its zeal to lighten the load of mankind has felt compelled to seek salvation in a direction that the other will certainly refuse to follow. America would be content with fewer ships, but she must have them big. Our Admiralty is shocked by this megalomania; it could manage with appreciably smaller ships, but it must have more of them, more even than it has to-day. Even so, one cannot call its moderation impressive. When the last London Conference met, Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet, in a published memorandum, declared itself in favour of the abolition of capital ships. Admiral Richmond was arguing that we could be content with ships of 10,000 tons or less, and the more influential conservative papers, including the *Times* and the *Observer*, were more or less of his opinion. Mr. MacDonald's dimensions have swollen in the interval, and he must now have battleships of 22,000 tons, and a full fifteen of these. Smaller cruisers with 6-inch guns are favoured, but then there must be seventy of them instead of the present fifty. This is not a programme of reduction or even of economy. There is no means of reconciling it with the equally self-regarding scheme of the Americans, save by falling back on the acceptance of some agreed figure of "global tonnage," which would allow everyone to build what ships he pleased, subject to a limited grand total of tonnage. That might avoid a breakdown at the Conference, but it would lead to a period of acute rivalry and alarm, as each Power varied its types and dimensions at will. For the rest we may expect that each Power will offer to renounce the arm in which its rival excels. Humanity will inspire the British, as usual, to retain battleships and abandon submarines, while to the French it will dictate the opposite choice. Japan, well provided with island-aerodromes, will offer to sacrifice airship-carriers, which the United States for lack of islands must retain. So do our good intentions cancel each other out, and along divergent paths of virtue we continue in armaments to compete. We shall get a more hopeful naval conference when we organise the politics and economics of our planet on a footing of mutual aid.

LABOUR AND THE NEW DEAL

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT will be very lucky if his appeal to American capital and labour for a temporary industrial truce achieves more than a very brief and partial success. For the sources of discord in American industry to-day are deep and bitter. In one strike after another Labour has shown itself determined to make the most of section 7*a* of the National Industrial Recovery Act, establishing its rights to collective bargaining through organisations of the workers' own choice. And in each instance Capital has been quick to resist this invasion of its former prerogative, and to encourage the formation of company unions and other such organisations which it can control, and which avoid bringing outside professional officials into the affairs of any factory.

This conflict about unionisation, which Labour is determined to press, and Capital to resist, underlies all other causes of dispute, and is much less susceptible than them to truce or compromise. It is likely to embarrass many subsequent Presidents, as well as to become one of the outstanding embarrassments of Mr. Roosevelt.

For it was inevitable that the United States should soon witness a bitter, protracted struggle between Capital and Labour about collective bargaining. American employers have in this matter the attitude of British employers of several decades ago, before Trade Unionism became an accepted part of the British industrial set-up. The steel corporation executive who said a month or so ago that he would rather retire to his little ancestral eastern Pennsylvania farm than continue in business, if he had to treat with union officials and seek their consent for important decisions affecting his concern, was typical of his class. Such an attitude could be maintained when America was a rapidly expanding country, when labour was fluid, when opportunity was almost unlimited. Employees were then satisfied with relatively high and increasing wages, or else were confidently looking forward soon to exchanging their occupation or their status. They did not expect to remain long enough in one job or place or industry to think it worth while fighting energetically for an improvement in the conditions and wages of the post they happened to hold at any given moment. They did not even feel convinced enough that it was impossible for them to become masters and capitalists to develop a definitely anti-capitalist or proletarian outlook.

Now conditions are changed. The United States is becoming what Britain has long been, a relatively static, overcrowded country, in which opportunity is narrowing and society becoming less fluid. The moment when classes tend to harden out and class conflicts to become more severe has arrived. An attempt on the part of American Trade Unionism, which has always been very weak, and usually very conservative also, to improve its position and to use the instruments, including strikes, employed in such a situation by its European colleagues, was to be expected.

This attempt has, however, been precipitated by the depression on the one hand and by the Roosevelt programme on the other. The first broke down confidence in business leadership, and created terrible distress, and therefore discontent. The second offered an alternative leadership and raised exaggerated hopes.

The hopes which the New Deal raised looked for a time as if they were to be realised through the medium of the N.R.A. That promised labour great advantages; higher wages, extra jobs (perhaps 6 million within a few months), the speedy elimination of long hours, child and sweated labour and other such abuses, and, which was to guarantee the others and was to many workers more important than them, an improved status in industry, and an assured right to collective bargaining through organisations of their own choice.

There was an immediate response to these promises in a rush of workers to join Trade Unions. The membership of the more conservative unions affiliated to the American Federation of Labour increased within a few months from less than 3 to more than 5 millions. Striking increases of membership were also obtained by other non-affiliated unions, some merely mildly radical, or organised on a different basis from that of the A.F. of L. (which has been largely an organisation of skilled workers on a craft basis), others frankly inspired by the I.W.W., or even by the Communist Party.

The more conservative of these unions were drawn into the vortex of N.R.A. activity. They helped to draft codes. They profited from their contact with political and business leaders. And for a time they were reasonably content with the codes they were turning out, and were willing to wait for results.

Gradually, however, they have become discontented. N.R.A. has not achieved adequate or adequately rapid results.

It is disputed exactly how much has been achieved. The wholly inadequate statistical service, which is all that is now available in the United States, makes it possible for estimates, for example, of unemployment to vary all the way between

12 and 15 million, as the figure for March, 1933, and 8 and 10 million, as the figure to-day. It is probable, however, that not more than 2½ million extra jobs have been created as a direct result of N.R.A., and not more than 4 million in all, and unemployment remains terribly serious.

Wages have increased, perhaps by about 25 per cent., at least so far as the poorer paid workers are concerned. Total payrolls have increased even more, by over 60 per cent., according to the U.S. Bureau of Labour Statistics. But it is said, with some justice, that this has been largely the result of the spreading of work and the diminution of unemployment. Moreover, the increase of wages has often been one of rates and not earnings, or has affected the lowest paid classes of workers only. Increased wages have besides been partly eaten up by increased prices, industrial prices being up nearly 20 per cent., and some agricultural ones much more than 20 per cent.

Labour is disappointed with these results—though not yet to the point of voting against the New Deal or the President, who keep their electoral strength surprisingly well, as primary and other election results show. It is particularly disappointed on the score of status.

N.R.A. has not won Labour an effectively improved status. Labour leaders have discovered that it is not a substitute for their own action, an automatic method of establishing their right to unionise, or their claim to the advantages for which unions would fight. The procedure whereby codes have been drafted has been such that it has been easier for Capital than for Labour to get the sort of codes it prefers. In any case, the administration of codes has really been in the hands of the capitalists' trade associations, which dominate the code authorities, on very few of which Labour is directly represented.

More and more Labour has come to feel that even within N.R.A. its cause was only half-heartedly supported, General Johnson, for all his thunders against recalcitrant business leaders, being, even in the eyes of his own more radical aides, fundamentally a conservative, with a view of section 7*a* of the N.R.A. wholly at variance with Labour's.

It was laid down in the settlement of the automobile strike, which was regarded by many people as a test case, that the N.R.A. merely put workers' unions on an equality with company unions, each being entitled to represent for purposes of collective bargaining that proportion of workers freely voting for it. A similar procedure has been followed by the National Labour Relations Board, which can supervise elections, and force the recognition of each body as sole agent for the block of workers voting for it. It is true that in one or two instances the President, and some of his aides, have looked as if they would go farther than this, and prevent employers using the company union as a device for avoiding the collective bargaining provisions of the N.I.R.A. But in the last resort nothing has been done to coerce Capital as rigorously as would be needed if its deep-seated opposition to unionisation were to be really overcome.

It has thus become clear to organised labour, not that the New Deal, or even the N.R.A., are no use to it, but that they are far less use than was at first hoped. The victories that Labour has to win, and which it briefly hoped that the Government, or the N.R.A., would win for it, it now realises it must win for itself. This has resulted in a wave of strikes, the datural resort of Labour after its political hopes have been nisappointed, a wave which has probably not yet reached its high-water mark.

This tendency to radical activity in the industrial sphere has also been promoted, and will continue to be, by other factors. The union leaders have had to do something to cement the loyalty of their millions of new members, who might otherwise wonder what was the use of their paying union subscriptions. They have been unable to do much by peaceful means. They have been forced to adopt the strike as the easiest means of letting off the steam of their members' discontent, as well as the only argument to which the more bigoted employers will listen.

The A.F. of L. and other moderate unions are, moreover, threatened by extremist minorities within them, and by radical unions to their left. Many strikes have been precipitated, or aggravated, by such minorities. In such cases the hold of the majority leadership upon the rank and file has been weakened. Fundamentally conservative leaders have had, therefore, to protect their own position, to lean farther to the left than they would have done if left to themselves, and to attempt to out-manoeuvre and out-shout potentially dangerous minorities.

There is therefore ample explanation of the recent industrial conflicts without assuming that they are due to gangster or Communist influences, as some Americans have insisted they are, or to natural forces of recovery, as some of Mr. Roosevelt's friends have suggested. They are evidence of a head-on conflict between Capital and Labour (neither of which in the U.S. has as yet developed the practical, give-and-take attitude which is necessary if collective bargaining is to be successful). Such a conflict goes too deep to be due to such temporary or superficial causes, or to be solved for long by Mr. Roosevelt's appeals.

FRANK DARVALL

A LONDON DIARY

I BELIEVE that many people who are in full sympathy with the Rev. "Dick" Sheppard's appeal printed this week in the correspondence columns of this paper will be deterred from supporting it by a doubt whether it is possible to sign a pledge refusing to support or sanction any other war and yet to remain loyal to the League of Nations. It is a nice question. Pacifists cannot, I think, support the League and the idea of collective security as understood and interpreted by the kind of Governments we have now. A League "sanction war" to-day would not be very different from the last war; it would be war for the old ends between the rival alliances, one of which would call itself the League of Nations. It would be justified by phrases scarcely different from those used to justify the last war; it would be "a war to end war," to "create a just and lasting peace," and all the rest of it. The Governments at Geneva, in other words, have not been in the least loyal to the idea of the League. The question, which is very interestingly discussed in a sixpenny pamphlet called *Labour's Foreign Policy*, published by the New Fabian Research Bureau (17 John Street, W.C.1), is whether it is still possible to make the League real and to induce governments to renounce their sovereignty and to disarm. I think the New Commonwealth Society absolutely right in urging that this is only possible if civil aviation is internationalised and military aviation pooled as a police force. I find it difficult myself to believe that our present capitalist Governments can by their very nature abandon sovereignty and war, but it is a really notable and encouraging thing that so many people are to-day prepared publicly to say that war is never justified in national interests, and that they are ready to abandon the idea of national defence in

favour of an international police force. The comic-opera picture of an international army has fallen into the background, and all the adherents of the New Commonwealth, which now includes many well-known service names as well as politicians and non-party people, concentrate on the air police idea. Similarly, the important thing about the foreign policy adopted by the Labour Party at Southport was its explicit statement that resistance against a national war was a duty. If this point can really be developed and hammered home, I think the pacifist may find new ground to stand on. He may say "given disarmament and an international police force, I must support the League just as I support a home police force. In all other circumstances I renounce war and am prepared to resist it." I was talking over the difficult problems of an international police force with Low the other day. His pictorial comment came to me afterwards by post. I think he will forgive me for reproducing it here.

* * *

What conclusion is the ordinary citizen to draw from the Fascist assault case that was reported in the evening papers of October 10th? A plain-clothes policeman draws up in a car outside the barracks at Chelsea in order to keep an eye on some shops opposite. A Blackshirt, named Pitman, asks him why he has stopped there and socks him one on the jaw before the police officer has "time to say that he is a police officer." Pitman apologises, explains that he did not recognise the police car, and thought the officer might be one of those malicious people who sometimes throw things into the entrance of Fascist headquarters. Note the upshot. I quote from the evening paper report.

> The magistrate said that the policeman had very fairly admitted that a mistake had been made. Because he thought that a conviction for assault on a police officer might go against Pitman afterwards he would discharge him on payment of forty shillings costs.

Well, well! It seems to follow that in the eyes of Mr. Ronald Powell, the stipendiary magistrate at Westminster, that to strike an ordinary man without provocation in the public street is not really an offence at all. It is incorrect to strike a police officer. But if the police officer admits you struck him in error, you can get off with a mere payment of costs. Knowing that English magistrates are always impartial, I would not suggest that this remarkable decision, which seems at variance with the usual notions of English common law, had anything to do with the fact that Pitman was a Fascist. As we are all equal before the law, I must assume that it is all right for anyone (even a Communist) to strike any un-uniformed person on the jaw if he does not like his looks. If he proves to be a plain-clothes officer, then an apology and costs are also necessary.

* * *

There was a magnificence, as in a legend, about the twelve hundred Hungarian miners who were resolute to die of hunger, suffocation or drowning in their pit rather than perish slowly on a wage which would not support life. The ancient enemy of the striker, starvation, was dramatically changed into an ally; for a society which might watch men gradually and one by one decline into the grave could not face the spectacle of twelve hundred coffins at the entrance to a mine. The technique is new in the history of modern industrial disputes; it is the first example of Gandhi-ism in Europe. I wonder what our Ministry would do if these hunger-strike tactics were adopted by the Welsh miners in their wage disputes or by the unemployed as a method of protest against the Means Test? I have always thought that passive resistance was one of the most powerful weapons. Combined with a mass hunger strike in a highly civilised community, with the modern sources of publicity and tenderness of social conscience, it seems irresistible.

* * *

One very interesting fact about Pecs, the scene of the strike, has not, I think, been noticed by anyone. Pecs has the highest suicide-rate ever recorded anywhere in the world—640 per million in the last statistics I have seen, which are about ten years old. That is to say that suicide is nearly five times as common in Pecs as it is in England. It would be a mistake to deduce that the inhabitants of Pecs are materially worse off than any other Europeans, for poverty is not one of the commonest reasons for suicide. I can offer no explanation for the figures, but they suggest that it would have been impossible to find anywhere else in Europe such favourable material for a suicide-strike.

* * *

Poincaré will remain for all time the very type of the precisionist in politics. His narrow pedantic logic, his cold legalistic approach, his distaste for any appeal to the emotions or the imagination, his proverbial capacity for saying "no," his astounding industry and selfless devotion to what he believed to be his country's interests, his meticulous honesty, so notable in French politics—all these have been commented on by numerous observers. These characteristics have suddenly become far more intelligible to me as a result of a conversation with a distinguished Frenchman who knew Poincaré well. He told me that until the first occasion on which he stood for the Presidency, Poincaré was thought a weak, somewhat vacillating man. His character as the unbending man of iron was built up for him by a publicity campaign. Once President, Poincaré sustained this character which the public had been told to expect of him. It would be interesting to follow up the question of the extent to which art (in this case the art of publicity) can create nature in politics. That public men mould their external characters into conformity with public expectations must, I think, be true. In Poincaré's case I noticed an interesting confirmation of my friend's view in a communication to the *Times* sent by a correspondent who had known him well. Here we are told how everything, the very knick-knacks in Poincaré's rooms, had always to remain precisely to "within a tenth of an inch" in its appointed place, and that the butler "laid the table according to a stencilled piece of cardboard on which the positions of plates, glasses and eating utensils were precisely indicated." I think any psycho-analyst would agree that this almost pathological meticulousness can only have been a defence mechanism resulting from a consciousness of weakness and imprecision within himself.

* * *

The revised design for the new Waterloo Bridge is so prodigious an improvement on Sir Giles Scott's original project that my first feeling is mere relief. The preposterous pylon which was to have cocked a perpetual snook at Somerset House has disappeared, for which both the eyes and the pockets of the ratepayers will be grateful. The bridge is to be constructed of concrete and veneered with stone. Some critics object. As the bridge would not stand up if it were built of stone, they say, it ought not to pretend to be stone. But I think this argument is altogether too Ruskinian. Concrete has a horrid surface, and there is no harm in pinning a better surface on to it. After all, we are ourselves covered with skin, but we know that it is bone not skin which keeps us upright. The junction of the piers with the arches is open to more damaging criticism, but at least London can congratulate itself on an escape. At Cambridge Sir Giles Scott has shown what he can achieve when he is put on his mettle. The new University Library is admirably arranged inside, I believe, but the exterior is one of the most offensive which this century has produced, with a gargantuan tower which looms over the Fellows' Garden at King's like a water-tower in the nightmare of a man with hydrophobia. However, the new Waterloo Bridge may turn out quite respectable.

* * *

I am delighted to see that Harvard University is alive to the methods of Nazi propaganda. Ernst Hanfstaengel, Hitler's favourite propagandist abroad, offered Harvard, his Alma Mater, an annual sum of money to finance an American student to live in Germany. Harvard refused on the ground that Hanfstaengel was an official of a Government which stands for everything that Harvard stands to resist. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to "Vindex."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A large percentage of road accidents is due to the high speeds so many vehicles are run at (particularly motor cycles), the drivers not knowing that the kinetic energy of the moving vehicle is proportional to the square of the speed.—Letter to the *Times*.

Until Mr. Cleva, the accompanist, ingeniously played "God Save the King" on the piano, nobody showed the slightest inclination to leave the hall.—*Morning Post*.

They realised that if the Bull Club was to be prosperous and permanent, an institution like Lord Bathurst must remain. There were certain misguided individuals who would like to abolish the House of Lords, and abolish fox-hunting and all field sports, but he could not help thinking they must lead very miserable lives and want everyone else to do the same.—*Wilts and Gloucestershire Standard*.

A single diamond glittered on her bethrothal digit.—*News Chronicle*.

Fewer than a hundred people were present at the first Sunday cinema show which was held in Sheffield to-night.

The film shown was a silent one, *Abraham Lincoln—Christian and Patriot*. It was preceded by three hymns, a prayer, Scripture reading, and an address.—*Manchester Guardian*.

At the time Sir Dan Godfrey was making his farewell speech on September 30th my son and I were impressed to observe in the sky, almost directly overhead, a very bright flash of light followed by a trail of incandescence which remained stationary for at least thirty seconds. We are both used to the ordinary meteor, but had never seen anything like the magnitude and brilliance of this one, if one it was, and it seems *the coincidence of the two events may be worth recording*.—Letter in *Listener*.

My nephew aged two has a head of curls which accurately forecast the weather. When they are tightly coiled rain always follows, when they relax into fine silken strands a spell of fine weather can be expected.—Letter in *Sunday Express*.

"I believe that talking about chivalry, apart from practising it, will make men more broadminded and generous. There is to-day far too much reserve and good form. There was no reserve when you were cleaving a man's head in the lists."—Mr. A. C. R. Carter reported in the *Times*.

If a woman wishes to be really smart this winter she must wear a coloured ring on the small toe of her left foot to match the colour of the nail varnish she uses on her fingers.—*Yorkshire Telegraph and Star*.

When a 60-year-old labourer was found guilty at Derbyshire quarter sessions, at Derby, yesterday, of stealing coal valued at 6*d*. from a local pit, the foreman of the jury intimated that the women members desired to recommend him to mercy. The chairman, Mr. H. St. John Raikes, K.C., asked them to give a reason, and when none was forthcoming he said it was difficult to understand such a recommendation.

"Year by year," he said, "since women have been serving, a certain amount of sickly sentimentality has been shown. Unless there is some strong reason, they should be chary of making recommendations. It is rather a slight on the Court."

He sentenced the man to six months' hard labour.—*Observer*.

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran is one of the famous Ruthven twins and a daughter of Lord Ruthven. Her dachshund, Snoutie, follows the prevailing fashion of single pearl earrings and choker collar, and manages to look most attractive in them.—*Sketch*.

He would mention that matter solemnly, and he wished to remind the company that it was indeed a business which none of them present made, which they inherited from those who went before them, and which it was their duty to pass on to those who would come after them, burning not less brightly than when it came into their hands. —Report of a speech by Mr. Montagu Norman in the *Times*.

FARMERS' FRIENDS AND FOES

EVERY gardener knows what a nuisance field mice can be when the time comes for the spring planting of peas. If once the mice find the row, they are likely to clear it, and even though the seeds are soaked in paraffin and rolled in lead oxide, the mice will have them, and leave the red, poisoned shucks on the surface for the gardener to mourn over. Mice do a great deal of harm, not only by the eating of seeds and grain in the springtime, but by the raiding of bumble bees' nests in the summer.

Bumble bees, or humble bees, as most people know, do not live in hives, nor do they live in large communities. The mother bumble bee makes a nest for herself, usually in a dry bank, and here she lays her eggs and brings up her family. The young grubs she feeds on honey, and in the course of time they hatch into other bumble bees. Now, bumble bees are very useful to the farmer, for they help fertilise the clover, and there are some kinds of clover, namely, the Dutch Clover (*Trifolium repens*) and the Red Clover (*T. pratense*) which are almost entirely fertilised by bumble bees. Experiments have been made to show that twenty heads of Dutch Clover yielded 2,290 seeds, and twenty other heads that were protected from bees produced not one. The bumble bee, then, should be counted as one of the often unrecognised and humble friends of the farmer. For this reason the intelligent farmer will try to look after the welfare of these friends that help with the fertilising of the seeds. He can best do this by bringing down the number of mice.

It has been calculated that field-mice destroy more than two-thirds of the bumble bees in England every year, and it has also been found that there are more bumble bees' nests near villages than in the open country, and this for the simple reason that there are cats in villages, and that cats eat mice. And so cats ought to be counted as friends of the farmer, and even the old spinster ladies who keep the cats ought not to be left out.

There are districts in Germany where a great deal of seed clover is grown, and here some of the farmers, the more intelligent of them, put up T-shaped perches about 8ft. high and 3ft. wide along the sides of their fields. A stranger coming to the neighbourhood for the first time might well wonder what they are for. They are for the owls and the hawks to perch on. Owls and hawks eat an enormous number of mice, and the owl or the hawk can see the mice better if he has a perch about 8 or 10ft. off the ground. That is why the German farmers find it worth their while to put up the perches; and, of course, they would never be so foolish as to shoot an owl or an hawk, knowing, as they do, that the owls and hawks are among their best friends.

Some of my readers may think that the perch would not make so much difference, but a perch or vantage-point is used by any hunter, and one only has to keep one's eyes open to notice this. There is a table that stands out in my orchard at which we have meals in fine weather. This table is very much used by two cats who are great mouse-hunters. I have again and again seen them spring down on to the mice and never fail to make a catch. In the same way the perches are of use to the hawks and the owls.

While I am talking about owls, I cannot resist a protest against the way in which game-keepers so often shoot these beautiful and useful birds. Owls, with the possible exception of the little owl, do far more good than harm. And particularly useful is the barn or white owl. This noble bird was far commoner in my youth than it is to-day, and the reason of its decline is that too few people know how very useful this bird is. The barn owl lives almost entirely on rats, mice, shrews, insects and sparrows. Often one can see them hunting the ricks in winter for roosting sparrows, or swooping on their silent wings close to ivy or evergreen bushes hunting the same prey. More than once I have seen a barn owl swallow a rat whole; the tail was left hanging from the mouth while the portion that was further down was being digested.

Another bird which should be numbered amongst the farmer's friends is the plover or peewit. These birds eat an enormous number of wireworms and there is no evidence that they ever attack crops. Every countryman knows that there are far more lapwings or green plovers in our fields in winter than in summer. They are great wanderers and come south from northern countries to these shores. A good deal of work has been done by naturalists to find out where these birds come from and where they go to. Birds have been caught and rings put on their legs with descriptive labels attached. Many birds ringed abroad are found here in winter; these are chiefly from Scandinavia and Germany. Nestlings marked in England and Scotland are sometimes found close to their breeding ground; a large number remain at home, but others wander, and have been found in Ireland, France and Spain, and even as far as Africa. Very few of the English birds wander north.

When they are migrating they travel at great heights, often so high up that they are invisible from the ground. Airmen have observed flocks as high as 6,500ft. In the early spring and late autumn, when the flocks are at their largest, the plovers will indulge in marvellous aerial manoeuvres, often mixing with gulls, jackdaws and rooks to make what is indeed a lovely sight against a background of high clouds. The plovers are always distinguishable by their quick turns and their swaying changing flight. There are times when they rush earthward through the flocks of the other birds, and seem intent on dashing themselves against the ground. Only at the last moment do they swerve aside, and with their characteristic cry of pee-wee begin to climb the air once more.

We all know their green mottled eggs, laid four in a clutch on the bare ground. These are protected by law, a law not so rigidly enforced as it should be, as a considerable traffic is still done in the eggs. They are birds that do only good to the farmer and have no bad habits.

Having mentioned some of the creatures which are friends to the farmer, I should not forget his foes. One of the most destructive of British birds is the magpie. He is intelligent and beautiful, but terribly bad for young ducks and young chickens; especially does he love to eat up young ducklings and leave nothing to tell the tale of his early morning breakfast but their yellow feet. When the ducklings are small, he will polish off a whole brood at a time, and when they are older, even if they are too old to be killed and eaten, he will so peck at their necks that they will die soon after. The only way to protect the young birds is to have them under wire or to shut them in safely every night and not let them out till the farm-hands are about; otherwise the magpies come in the early dawn, and the young ducklings are no more. Magpies are also great egg-eaters and all through the spring months they devour the eggs and young of other birds. All gamekeepers know how destructive jays and magpies are to pheasants' eggs.

Though magpies are very clever at avoiding the man with the gun, once they are caught they are very easy to tame, and they make very attractive pets indeed. In the winter they gather together into quite large flocks, and in the spring these flocks become even larger; they form in fact what have been called marriage parties. They meet together for the purpose of choosing their mates. Sometimes as many as two hundred may be seen disputing and showing off, the males opening and closing their tails and raising and depressing their crests, and making themselves attractive to the female eye. They make short, buoyant flights and are indeed a beautiful sight to watch during these marriage meetings.

In northern countries where the winters are hard, magpies have been known, when pressed by hunger, to attack larger animals, and even men and women. Large flocks of them work together, and if there is a sore place on a donkey or pony they will peck it with their sharp beaks, and in a little while penetrate, as do the New Zealand sheep-killing parrots, to vital organs.

Among the smaller birds, the bullfinch is perhaps the most persistent enemy. This most beautiful and attractive bird is a real plague to fruit-farmers and all gardeners. He has a springtime passion for salads, and as the only young green things then available are buds, buds he eats. There are some people who try to apologise for the bullfinch and say that he only eats worm-infected buds, and that it isn't the bud he eats, but the worm. This is quite untrue. His attacks are deliberate, and he knows what he is about. He will perch on the stem, and will pick off one fruit bud after another, just tasting them and letting them drop. He prefers plum buds to pear buds, but when he has eaten all the plum buds he will show no hesitation about attacking the pears. And when he has eaten all the pear buds, he will turn his attention to the apples. It is rather difficult to understand why the bullfinch should be numbered amongst the wild birds that are protected by law, when he is so exceptionally destructive, and when one bird can work in such a short time a devastation that brings to nought all the care of the fruit-farmer.

E. L. GRANT WATSON

LIKING DOGS

As I glanced over Mr. Kipling's new collection of his stories about dogs I could not help wondering how it came that I never enjoyed those emotional experiences that seem to heighten life for the dog-lover. It is not that I have a positive dislike of dogs: it is merely that they mean nothing to me and that I have no wish for their company. If a dog approaches me with a proper good will shown by the movements of his tail, I can pat him on the head with any man. But there is no genuine warmth of affection in my patting: I am relieved rather than otherwise when he transfers his attentions to somebody else. This is all the more curious, because I find it easy to like almost any tame animal, from a horse to a hen, from a cow to a cat. As a child I could spend hours in a stable without boredom, and to sit on the bare back of a plough-horse holding on by his mane as he was led to the pond for his evening drink was to be a boy enthroned. To hold the reins in the polo-cart on the three-mile drive to church on Sunday was to make a pleasure of Sabbath-keeping. In my dreams I always saw myself as an owner of horses, and to the present day I cannot look on the invention of the motor car as an unmixed blessing, since it dooms the noblest of the domestic animals to much the same fate to which the spread of civilisation doomed the Red Indian. A boy to-day could probably listen without a pang to a prophecy of the ultimate disappearance of the horse from the earth. Forty or fifty years ago a world without horses would have seemed to a boy scarcely worth living in. It is true that in my conception of Heaven no horses paced the golden streets. But then, if the truth must be told, at that time Heaven seemed to me a desirable place, not so much because it was an improvement on earth, as because it was the alternative to an extremely unhappy Hell. In childhood, I imagine, most of us, if we were offered the choice between immortality on earth (with our relations sharing our immortality) and immortality in Heaven, would choose immortality on earth. But it would have had to be an earth full of horses—bay horses, black horses, grey horses, roan horses, piebald horses—thoroughbreds, Clydesdales, horses without any breeding at all, and Shetland ponies.

To the childish heart the cow seldom makes so strong an appeal as the horse. The cow lacks that quick intelligence that responds to human speech. The horse knows what you mean when you say "Gee!" or "Aff!" or when your tongue makes the sound that may be represented by "Trrrck!" and he obeys you. The horse and the human being act in close partnership. There is no such partnership between the human being and the cow. Even when the cows come to the gate of the field at milking-time in answer to such calls as "Chay-chay!" it is the urgency of the desire to be milked rather than an understanding of human speech that brings them to you. As they shamble listlessly along the road to the farm, you have no sense of any telepathic communication

between their vacant minds and yours. Even so, it is very pleasant to walk behind a dozen cows or so and feel that you are in absolute command of a drove of these large horned creatures. I have liked many cows and known them by their names, and I cannot imagine an earthly paradise without them.

I cannot profess to have had the same affection for pigs. I like to look at them: I like their shape and the ways of their young, but I do not remember ever having known a pig by name. They are, apart from their usefulness, mere decorations of the earth, and there is no real friendship between them and our race. Yet as a child I was more interested in pigs than in dogs. Nor did I ever find dogs half so interesting as hens or ducks or sheep.

I do not know whether it is natural to like dogs. When one reflects for how many centuries the word "dog" has been used in an opprobrious sense—that "hound," "cur" and "puppy" are alike still words of offence—one cannot help wondering whether the relations of dogs and men can always have been as cordial as they are in these highly civilised days. May it not be some streak of the primitive man in me that shrinks from the companionship of these most generally loved of the animals? It is possible, but it is more probable that my incapacity for dog-worship may be explained by the fact that I was brought up in a house without dogs, and that, when I went to stay at my grandfather's in the country, the two dogs at the farmhouse were as disagreeable fellows as even a dog-hater could imagine. One of them was a fierce black retriever housed in a barrel laid on its side, and living in perpetual rebellion against the chain that held him. He leaped at every visitor that passed as if he meant to eat him. We were warned to give him a wide berth on our way to the gooseberry garden behind his barrel, and I always made as cautious a circle round him as if he had been a chained lion with a particularly dubious link in the chain. I might have admired him if I had seen him in a cage in a Zoo, but, as it was, I merely looked on him as a wild beast whose sole purpose in life was to tear thieves to pieces if they came near the farm at night. The other dog was scarcely more charming. He was a smooth-haired terrier, very old, very fat and nearly blind. He lay all day at the side of the open turf-fire under the wooden armchair in which sat my grandfather, very old and nearly blind, like the dog himself. He had lost all interest in the world, apart from his devotion to my grandfather, and seldom moved except when my grandfather rose from his chair, and with the help of his huge stick walked slowly out into the farm-yard. At first, I was ready to make friends with the dog: he looked so helpless and so harmless. When I put my hand on his head, however, he growled and snapped in protest and I was warned that the only human being whom he would permit to touch him even in the friendliest fashion was my grandfather. Naturally enough, staying on a farm with two dogs that seemed to be famous only for their biting proclivities—a dog to bite you inside the house and a dog to bite you outside the house—I made no effort to cultivate their company. Every other animal on the farm was associated with happiness—horses that could have killed you with a kick but did not, cows that could have stuck you with their horns but did not, hens and chickens that ran races to you as to a benefactor at feeding time. The very gander that threatened you with outstretched neck was amenable to reason. The dogs alone were eternal enemies to the stranger—contributing, not to the pleasures, but to the perils of country life.

Add to this the fact that, about the same time, scares about mad dogs were common. Now to be bitten by a sane dog is bad enough; but to be bitten by a mad dog is a possibility the thought of which makes the knees totter. I had heard many tales of hydrophobia, and lived in constant terrors of it during the hot months of the year. I think I was at that period more afraid of being bitten by a mad dog than of anything else in the world. There was a poem in one of the recitation-books which described the heroic behaviour of a blacksmith who had seized a mad dog with his hands in order to protect some children and who, after he was bitten, ordered the neighbours to tie him up so as to make him helpless to do them an injury when madness had overtaken him. I do not remember the poem clearly, but I always had a vision of the blacksmith foaming at the mouth as he struggled with his bonds and dying in agony. As a result, whenever a rumour spread that a mad dog was roaming the countryside, I was filled with the most terrible apprehensions. I scrutinised with the greatest suspicion every dog that approached me on the road, and it did not require much effort to imagine white foam round his mouth. Sometimes, when passing a pond or the edge of the sea, I have walked into the water in my shoes and stockings and remained there till a perfectly sane and good-natured dog had gone by. There was some outcry afterwards when a law was passed ordering dogs to be muzzled, but I must confess I should have felt a great deal happier if dogs had been born muzzled.

My first introductions to dogs, it will be seen, were not auspicious. I regret this, for I should like to be able to like a dog as much as some of my friends like dogs. I cannot help believing that the love of dogs is the source of one of the eminent pleasures of life, but I cannot honestly say that I loved even the racing greyhound that came to me by accident. I thought of him kindly, I wished him well, but my spirit groaned within me every time I had to take him for a walk in the shades of darkness to stretch his limbs. I like to see greyhounds racing, and, particularly, leaping over hurdles; but going for a long walk with a greyhound seems to me an experience as little to be sought after as going for a long walk with the club bore. How little I appreciated it may be judged from the fact that before long I gave him away to a real dog-lover who allowed him to sleep at the foot of his bed.

If dogs remained at the puppy stage all their lives, I think I might make shift to love one of them. But the full-grown creature with his passion for pedestrianism can never, I fear, be a friend of mine. This is, I realise, my loss more than the dog's. I am confessing to a deficiency in my make-up, like a man who regrets his tone-deafness or colour-blindness. At the same time, when I think of my cat, I begin to wonder whether my wish to be able to like dogs is not a little disloyal. There must be a fairly good case to be made out against an animal that not only needs to be taken for long walks, but is a notorious cat-chaser. Y. Y.

Correspondence

A FASCIST ASSAULT

SIR,—I am feeling very happy this morning. At last I am at liberty to hit any unknown passer-by with impunity; a desire that in moments of irritation has frequently tempted me almost beyond measure. But not only am I at liberty to vent my feelings in this delightfully mediaeval manner, you too are included in the new freedom, and so are old uncle Cobleigh and all.

If you have read your newspaper carefully this will be no news to you. You will have come across that little paragraph regarding the case of the Fascists and the policeman. It seems that a police car drew up outside the Fascist headquarters and a policeman got out, whereupon he was immediately knocked down by a man who was standing by. Unfortunately the latter had not noticed he was jolting an arm of the law, and the policeman, unused to being struck at random, so to speak, took the case to court. The plaintiff explained that certain people who did not approve of the Fascist organisation had driven up to the headquarters and thrown things at it. Apparently he had in consequence stationed himself on the pavement to knock down any possible future offenders. On his apologising for having, in the exuberance of the moment, failed to realise that his victim was a member of the police force, the case was dismissed on payment of costs and a precedent created—and now we may all stand on the pavement and knock the next fellow down, who knows? he may be going to throw something at us. Come along boys! J. G. G.

THE HERRING RATIONALISED

SIR,—This correspondence, which started with herrings, is well on the way towards finishing up with the formation of an association for the defence of the consumer against the machinations of marketing boards. The three of us who have taken part in it have therefore discussed this aspect of the problem among ourselves in the hope that, in spite of disagreement upon points of detail, we can reach some measure of agreement upon matters of principle.

1. In the long run the organisation of the marketing of primary commodities is at least as essential in the interests of the consumer as of the producer.

2. Any potential benefits either to the producer or to the consumer are likely to be relatively small, unless rationalisation of the distributive trades proper follows in due course.

3. If, however, a policy of organising primary marketing is followed *without deliberate regard to the consumer's interests*, both producers and consumers will suffer in the long run.

4. Nevertheless, the interests of consumers cannot properly be defended piecemeal, foodstuff by foodstuff. To approach the problem from this point of view must lead to lack of balance and perspective.

5. It is as yet doubtful how much real good is likely to follow from placing distributors or "representatives of consumers" on producers' marketing boards. In any case, a policy which might reasonably be regarded by producers as coercion or "unwarranted interference" is likely to raise at least as many problems as it solves.

6. Producers must realise, however, that monopoly powers, subsidies, and other forms of "public assistance" carry with them responsibility to those who have given them. Producers must therefore expect to submit to a degree of control which will ensure co-ordination and direction of policy in the general and not only in their particular sectional interest.

7. How such control is to be made effective without becoming coercive is a matter which can hardly be pursued here, though this attempt to reach agreement upon principles may serve to focus discussion. During the past 100 years, the general body of consumers have made themselves felt with reasonable success through the Parliamentary machine, but for the future Parliament can only safeguard the consumer by pursuing a constructive and not a negative or emotional policy. It holds the trump cards—control of the public purse and of fiscal policy—but it cannot play them intelligently without either information, publicity, or the necessary machinery for the formulation of a long term policy. In this connection the establishment of a special Commission for Food Supplies deserves consideration. It could perhaps be supplemented by some co-ordinating machinery as between marketing boards themselves and between the boards and distributive interests.

Finally, may we bring this correspondence back to some relation with its starting point by recalling that it arose out of suggestions in the Herring Report which were read by two of us as foreshadowing an increased regard for consumers' interests (the other signatory is quite prepared to accept and to applaud the intention; he merely questions the results). All three of us, however, are agreed that the subject is of great and topical importance, and that the problem must be solved on some basis that involves neither the exploitation of the mass of consumers by sectional producers nor the reverse.

MAX NICHOLSON
S. C. LESLIE
K.

A PEACE APPEAL TO MEN

SIR,—The main reason for this letter, primarily addressed to men, is the fresh urgency of the present international situation, and the almost universally acknowledged lunacy of the manner in which nations are pursuing peace. The situation is far graver than we allow ourselves to acknowledge, and the risks we are running by our present methods far graver than those which a more enlightened policy would involve.

Up to now the peace movement has received its main support from women, but it seems high time now that men should throw their weight into the scales against war.

I represent no church and no peace organisation of any description, but merely, I suggest, the mentality to which the average man has recently arrived without, as it seems, the knowledge of his accredited leaders in Church and State, or, for that matter, without their assistance. It seems essential to discover whether or not it be true, as we are told, that the majority of thoughtful men in this country are now convinced that war of every kind, or for any cause, is not only a denial of Christianity, but a crime against humanity, which is no longer to be permitted by civilised people.

Have we reached that stage of belief?

I believe that we have, but I am certain that the time has come when we must know if that is a false or true statement. The idea behind this letter is not to form any fresh organisation, nor to call pacifists together to abuse those who conscientiously are not able to agree with them, but to attempt to discover how strong the will to peace has grown. For myself I believe that a vast number of male citizens who do not belong to any peace society and even dislike some of the methods of those who do, are only waiting an opportunity to declare once and for all that they have done with wars of every kind. Many persons are avowing their determination to use violence, not only between nations, but within the nations. An ever increasing dependence on excessive force is evident in the movements known as Communism and Fascism. It is time that those men who have not hitherto acted in any public way but who wish the repudiation of methods of violence, should come into the open.

Would those of my sex who so far have been silent, but are now of this mind, send a postcard to me within the next fortnight addressed to:—

East Lodge, Ashley Park, Walton-on-Thames,

to say if they are willing to be called together in the near future to vote in support of a resolution as uncompromising as the following:

"We renounce war and never again directly or indirectly will we support or sanction another."

If the response to this letter be as large as conceivably it may be, a notice will be sent at the earliest possible moment with full particulars of the day and date on which the demonstration will be made.

H. R. L. SHEPPARD

RUSSIA'S PROBLEMS

SIR,—I am sorry for the slip about Russia's grain export. The explanation is simple. The London *Times* of Sept. 16th, 1934, reproduced official figures of the international Advisory Wheat Board according to which the Soviet Union exported 27,000,000 bushels of grain in the crop year ending July 31st, 1934. This is the figure I used, but unfortunately I wrote tons for bushels in that sentence and in the next.

LOUIS FISCHER
Moscow.

KING LEAR

SIR,—Will you kindly note that the part of "the Fool" in "King Lear" at the Westminster Theatre was not played by me as stated in last week's issue of your paper.

I shall be obliged if you will contradict this error in your next issue.

HAROLD WARREN
Westminster Theatre,
Palace St., S.W.1.

[We regret the confusion. Mr. Harold Warren played the part of the Duke of Burgundy.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

CHRISTIANITY: ORTHODOX AND HETERODOX

SIR,—Mr. Ashley Sampson asks me what are the outworn beliefs of Christianity. Well, one or two of them are contained in the clauses of the Quicunque Vult which I quoted in my letter. "Whoever will be saved, *before all things* it is necessary that he should hold the Catholick Faith." Is belief in the Quicunque Vult necessary for salvation *before all things?* Isn't the will to serve God, following the example and accepting the teaching of Jesus equally important, or even more so? Cannot something be said in favour of Jesus' own point of view? "Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my father who is in Heaven." (Mat. vii. 21.) Again from the Quicunque Vult, "Which Faith (Catholick) except every one do keep whole and undefiled without doubt he shall perish everlastingly." Do we believe, for instance, that those who have never heard the Gospel taught will perish everlastingly? At the end of the Quicunque Vult we read: "This is the Catholick Faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved." But in the verse but one before this it is said: "At

whose (Christ's) coming all men shall rise again *with their bodies*." How many Christians to-day believe in a physical resurrection? St. Paul has something to say on this subject. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God." (1 Cor. xv. 50)

Your correspondent P. W. H. raises a more important question when he writes about the permanent validity of revelation, saying that "no part of the initial revelation may ever be abandoned." But I think very few modern theologians would accept this dictum. It is based on the old fashioned idea that revelation is divine dictation. But in revelation there are always two partners. God speaks, but man hears. God cannot tell man more than he is able to understand. Nor is man passive in the hearing. The Hebrews, for instance, received the Divine Law, probably the Decalogue, from Moses, a revelation. But probably Moses himself and certainly the Hebrews believed that while Yahweh was their God, yet other Gods of other peoples existed beside him. It was not until centuries later that Amos declared, again by revelation, that God is one, and Yahweh the God of the whole world.

Revelation comes from God, but as we receive it, it is never purely divine. Human elements are always mixed with it. It is for human reason to separate the divine from the human, so far as it can, and also to wait receptively for further revelations. This is a very big subject. If P. W. H. wishes to follow it further I would recommend him a little book, *Revelation and Reason* by A. L. Lilley (S.P.C.K.) J. K. NETTLEFOLD

Octagon Chapel, Norwich.

SLUM CLEARANCE

SIR,—In your issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, dated October 13th, Critic says at page 463 (at Bristol): "All that anyone seemed to think of was that some owners of despicable property in Leeds were not getting the last farthing of compensation in the great housing scheme recently introduced by the new Labour Council." In the same article the writer refers to confiscation, and I gather he is opposed to it as a political principle. I have the greatest admiration for Critic's views, and I think his weekly column is one of the best in modern journalism. But on this matter there is an aspect which his perfectly proper abhorrence of the Tory attitude at their Conference must not be allowed to obscure. All over the country there is a feeling that injustice is being done by the wholesale enforcement of slum clearance schemes. By Section 46 of the Housing Act local authorities can compulsorily acquire property and pay as compensation the bare value of the site upon which its buildings stand; nothing is payable in respect of the value of the buildings themselves. Is it wrong to describe this as confiscation? At all events, two grievances resulting from it may be mentioned. (1) Where an area is scheduled for clearance there may be some quite good property lumped in with the "despicable," yet the two kinds are treated exactly alike. (2) Thousands of owners are poor people who have invested their life's savings in their own or neighbouring houses and are faced with ruin if their property is to be demolished and one-eighth of its market value tendered as compensation. In so far as remedial legislation of the slum clearance type does work hardship, that hardship should, in justice, be recognised and should be worthy of discussion. DONALD MCINTYRE

5 Kings Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4.

[Critic writes: "Everyone, including the mover of the amendment at Bristol, agreed that administrative injustices should be removed. Such grievances are certainly worthy of discussion, but this does not in the least affect my point."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

FLOGGING IN KENYA

SIR,—I have just read the letter by F. H. Melland on the subject of "Justice in Kenya." Unlike Mr. Melland, I have had no experience of administering justice in Kenya (or elsewhere outside the class room); my only credentials are those of a lover of justice and fair play.

Mr. Melland says "the Attorney-General, quite rightly, deprecated the idea that settlers can take the law into their own hands—it would, he said, lead to chaos. Ninety per cent. of the settlers admit it." And yet in this, and in similar trials, the main question has been whether undue severity had been used in the floggings. There has been no suggestion of prosecution for flogging as such. Apparently it is not illegal for any white settler to flog any black servant or employee—the white man being himself both accuser and judge and high executioner.

And this is done under the British flag, where slavery has been abolished for over 100 years!

If, as Mr. Melland says, "the white inhabitants of Kenya are mostly decent folk," let them see to it that this state of things is ended at once, and retribution meted out only by courts of law, not by individual colonists. The native, like the white inhabitant, is entitled to a fair deal. H. BEGBIE

"Stirling,"

Park Road, Newbridge.

CYNRIC

SIR,—Your reviewer, in his account of my *Shorter History of England*, makes one point which I cannot allow to pass. He notices an error of fact—the statement that I mention an unknown "Cymric"—and he suggests that I made up the name. Your reviewer has either never heard of the name "Cynric," which seems hardly credible, or he is pretending that what is obviously a minor misprint of the letter "m" for the letter "n" is a capital error. In the first hypothesis he is not competent to review any book on English history; and in the second he is dishonest.

Kings Land, H. BELLOC

Shipley, Horsham.

CHARLES II AND MADAME

SIR,—I shall be grateful if you will allow me to correct a mistake in my review of Mr. Hartmann's *Charles II and Madame*. I can only suppose that some extraordinary mental aberration made me refer to Madame's husband as the Chevalier de Lorraine. As Madame, Duchesse d'Orléans, she was, of course, the wife of Monsieur, Duc d'Orléans, the king's brother. The Chevalier was what historians discreetly call her husband's "favourite." I deeply regret and resent the irresponsible behaviour of my subconscious mind, and offer to you, Sir, and your readers my sincere apologies. JOHN HAYWARD

CHOPIN

SIR,—In your issue of October 13th you publish a very generous review, by Mr. W. J. Turner, of my book *Chopin: His Life*, which I much appreciate. I should, however, like to correct one misapprehension. Mr. Turner says that I give the date of Nicolas Chopin's birth as April 17th, 1770, on page 4, and as April 15th, 1771, on page 5. Actually, on page 4 I am quoting from a document filled in by Chopin's father during the last years of his life in Warsaw. In the next paragraph, on page 5, I say that when Nicolas's birth certificate was traced it was found to agree "in every detail except one—the date of birth—with the Warsaw declaration." I then give the correct date as April 15th, 1771.

35 Acacia Road, N.W.8. WILLIAM MURDOCH

MARKOVA

SIR,—I must write on behalf of a delightful artiste to draw attention to an error in the review of my book *Balletomania*, that appeared in last week's issue. Your reviewer states that I first met Alicia Markova at a children's party, when I was six. Now, while Markova may be an ancient in experience, she is still in her early twenties, and, if I am not old enough to be her father, I had at any rate finished with school at that first meeting.

22 Hornton St., W.8. ARNOLD L. HASKELL

Miscellany

CENSORED SHAKESPEARE

THE Shakespeare Company at the Old Vic has followed *Antony and Cleopatra* with a workmanlike if uninspired production of *Richard II*, which was last seen in London five years ago. This is not one of the most popular even of the comparatively unpopular historical cycle. It has suffered heavily in the classroom from the grim anxiety of schoolteachers (lured on, no doubt, by John of Gaunt) to kill two birds with one stone. It has suffered no less heavily on the stage from the custom of regarding it as an independent and self-supporting play, instead of as the first part of a tetralogy, designed to be given in conjunction with *Henry IV, Part I*, *Henry IV, Part II*, and *Henry V*. Each of these plays taken by itself is but the gigantic fragment of a magnificent dramatic structure which we are never likely to see until a National Theatre comes along to do for poor Shakespeare what is

annually done at Covent Garden for lucky Wagner. But perhaps *Richard II* suffers most of all from a grave internal trouble, which develops alarmingly at a most critical moment just before the finish, when the playwright has us completely under his spell, when the piece is marching swiftly and surely to its catastrophe, and when we sit enthralled to learn what will become of Richard next. At this moment we are abruptly and astonishingly confronted by the diversion of Aumerle's implication in the plot to assassinate Bolingbroke—a diversion so irrelevant, so untimely, and so ill-composed that it might almost be regarded as a wanton act of aesthetic masochism. We can hardly believe our ears when, on the heels of Richard's superb outpourings, the Duchess of York falls to spouting her doggerel couplets :

> For ever will I walk upon my knees,
> And never see day, that the happy sees,
> Till thou give joy : until thou bid me joy,
> By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Almost all the critics agree in regarding this intrusive episode as " not by Shakespeare " ; even the Old Vic audience laughs at it. As soon as it is over, the play picks up again, but the damage inflicted is irreparable, our exaltation has been dispersed, and we leave the theatre much as we entered it.

The heart, then, of Miss Lilian Baylis may well be in her mouth when the time comes for Richard to undo himself once more. It is, however, possible that she might materially assist her box office if she were to indulge in a little catch-penny advertising and if, since nothing is more attractive than forbidden fruit, she were boldly to announce *Richard II* as " Shakespeare's Censored Play." Not that *Richard II* was the only play in which Shakespeare had to submit to the blue pencil of the Master of the Revels. Again and again the words he wrote were scored through by the authorities, because they were held to be libellous, or profane, or offensive to foreign nations. But however galling the changes required in many of the plays may have been—for example, the changing of " God give thee the spirit of understanding " to " May'st thou have the spirit of understanding "—they were easily made. It was only when a whole scene was summarily suppressed, and that scene *the* scene of the play, that something drastic had to be substituted. What must have been Shakespeare's feelings when, probably on the eve of production, he was informed that the deposition of Richard, looking-glass and all, must be cut out of his tragedy, because the fate of Richard had long haunted Queen Elizabeth, and the last thing she wanted was that her subjects should be reminded of the possibility of such occurrences.

Here, then, were 165 lines clean gone, and not merely 165 lines, but the very crest of the drama. It is easy to imagine the excitement in the theatre on receipt of this news, the hurryings and scurryings, the curses and consultations. Nor does it require much straining of the ear to catch an echo across the centuries of the inevitable question on the lips of all concerned : " Well, what are we going to do about it ? " For something about it most assuredly had to be done. And here, I suggest, may be found a satisfactory explanation of the artistically indefensible Aumerle episode. Another dramatic incident of some kind was required to fill the gap, to bolster up the tottering fabric. The original play on Richard II, which Shakespeare had improved beyond recognition, was scanned for assistance. The episode (laughed at again by the Old Vic audience) in which Bagot charges Aumerle with being an accessory in Gloucester's death was bundled in to prepare the way for the new-old episode of the " transgressing boy." And so the censorship, which has never been a respector of artists, handed down to us, via Heminge and Condell, the present version, in which the censored scene and the substitution persist side by side.

Perhaps, however, the unpopularity of *Richard II* is due most of all to the inhospitability of Richard's character which, placed in circumstances which clamant for sympathy, is for ever making that sympathy impossible. If Richard is pitiable, he is pitiable less for his misfortunes than for the incorrigibly theatrical frame of mind which prevents him from experiencing clean, direct emotion. He is always thinking about thinking and feeling about feeling, and it is this removal from reality that makes it possible for him to pass too easily from despair to hope, from cruelty to lenity, from rebellion to submission, from extreme to extreme of every sort. It may be said that he wears his emotions rather than experiences them, and that being a butterfly artist he delights in nothing more than in quick changes of fashion. How can we be sorry for him when he is so obviously enjoying such a thoroughly good time with his grief ? And, consequently, what normal audience, by which I mean an audience that takes its heart to the theatre rather than its head, would wish to see Mr. Maurice Evans's most admirably composed, if slightly undersized, performance of the part twice over ? There is something lacking in this play, as there is something lacking in a prologue, and it would be unreasonable to ask more ; for Richard II in Shakespeare's dramatic scheme was, after all, only the king who was deposed by the father of Henry V, and if we do not see right through his looking-glass, if we sit upon the ground with him to tell sad stories of the death of kings (whereupon, by the way, the characters do all sit on the ground at the Old Vic !), this epic of hero-worship will falter on its way. It is imperative that we should side with Bolingbroke, and this is fortunately made easy for us not only by the irresponsibility with which Mr. Evans displays Richard's weakness but also by the tact with which Mr. Abraham Sofaer tempers Bolingbroke's strength. We only regret that we shall not be permitted to watch his development through the two succeeding and most glorious plays which are devoted to the events of his reign. Unhappily, it is likely to be a long time before this is possible, since the two parts of *Henry IV* are even less popular than the one part of *Richard II*, so that the magnificent wit of Falstaff, who has had the misfortune to get mixed up in English history, remains almost unknown to the public. HERBERT FARJEON

WHAT IS CRITICISM ?

A WELL-KNOWN musical critic, Mr. M. D. Calvocoressi, wrote last week in a review of a book on Berlioz : " A remarkable idiosyncrasy of Berlioz's music is that it baffles all attempt at methodical criticism." It is surprising to find in these times a critic who is still in search of that mare's nest, " methodical criticism," or, as it is more usually termed, " scientific criticism." Critics have since the beginning of intellectualism craved for the presumed certainties of science, and, of course, there are the academic minds in all scholastic institutions who would turn every art into a science. The reason for this is quite clear, for it is merely that they believe that every art can be taught ; so they seek to establish principles, formulate rules and erect a code by means of which everyone who has passed through an academy where these principles and rules, this code of artistic law, is taught will then know good art from bad and be able to produce it.

Experience has always shown that this is a fallacy, but the non-creative, academic type of mind will not admit, cannot admit, it because to do so is, apparently, to destroy all reason for its existence. I say " apparently," since, in truth, if academic minds were more modest they would discover that sufficient useful employment for them exists, if only they would abandon the presumptuous attempt at codifying aesthetic values.

An example within living memory was the case of Elgar. Unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw, who thinks that Elgar was an English Beethoven, I think that Elgar was not quite an English Brahms, but, nevertheless, in my opinion, he is the best English composer since Purcell. These are matters of opinion and aesthetic judgment, but it is a fact that virtually the whole academic world of English musicians was hostile to Elgar, because he was largely self-taught and had never been to one of our grand musical institutions, such as the Royal College

of Music, the Royal Academy of Music; nor had he studied under the Oxford Professor of Music or the Cambridge Professor of Music.

I do not wish to be rude to professors of music and academic teachers and critics, because some of them are men of great learning and ability who would not pretend to try to reduce the art of music to a science, and if they are not creative musicians are occasionally creative critics and know the grammar of their art, which can be taught and ought to be taught, since it is an invaluable foundation for the creative artist. But it is time this bogey of "scientific criticism" was laid for ever.

One of the most acute intelligences among contemporary poets, Mr. T. S. Eliot, in his book, *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, has written:

> Criticism of course never does find out what poetry is, in the sense of arriving at an adequate definition; but I do not know of what use such a definition would be if it were found. Nor can criticism ever arrive at any final appraisal of poetry.

Now Mr. Eliot approximates almost as nearly as a genuine artist may to the academic type of mind, and it is interesting to discover that even he, who has a passion for law almost as great as his passion for poetry, is forced to conclude that aesthetic values cannot be codified for the use of imbeciles who, given a foot-rule, can ever afterwards measure feet.

If this is true of the art of poetry whose criticism uses the same medium, the medium of words, as the art itself, how much more obviously impossible it is that any critic should be able to formulate in words a scientifically exact criticism of music? One of the finest of living musicians recently said to me: "Have you ever been able to explain to anybody the reasons for your love of Mozart, or to define what you find in his music?" And my reply was, of course, "No!" The most remarkable and instructive criticism ever written about Mozart's opera *Don Giovanni* was written by a famous Dane who was not a musician but a philosopher named Kierkegaard; but, stimulating and profound as his long essay is, it explains nothing of the musical effect on a musically perceptive mind of this music of Mozart's.

Take the first two pages of the score of the first scene of *Don Giovanni*! In material, could anything be simpler? There is not a single accidental and the harmony is of the barest, yet the whole atmosphere of this masterpiece of Mozart's is already created and to this atmosphere, or character, there is not a word in the English or in any other language that could be put. A technical analysis of the score of *Don Giovanni* would reveal nothing of the genius of the music. There are in it no harmonies, no modulations that the most ordinary musical student cannot grasp; but, although such a student may understand technically the whole of the music of *Don Giovanni*, nevertheless, neither he nor any of the great composers since Mozart could have written a single page of it, if by any chance a page of it had originally been lost. Some years ago there was a ridiculous world-competition to complete Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony, but no musician was found capable of writing another movement to this Symphony that would deceive any sensitive music-lover, let alone musician, into thinking it was Schubert's. Let us take an example from literature! Is there a Professor of English anywhere in the world so dull-witted as to imagine that if Shakespeare had not written those six simple words:

Take, O take those lips away

any one of his students could have done so? Yet they are all words, not only in the dictionary, but in everyday use and the syntax is simplicity itself. Further, supposing that line were the only one of this lyric which had come down to us, the rest of the poem having been lost, does any professor imagine that he could teach even the most brilliant student to complete that poem? Why not Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. W. H. Davies, Mr. Ralph Hodgson, Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. W. H. Auden or Mr. Stephen Spender, nor any poet since Shakespeare could have done so? I venture to assert that there is nobody in the world and there never in all future time will be anybody who, being given that line, and the rest of the poem being unknown to him, could have conceived the next line consisting only of five words:

That so sweetly were foresworn.

Now, if there were a science of poetry and, consequently, a scientific or methodical criticism, we should be able to teach students to write like Shakespeare and to compose like Mozart. But we cannot do this, and I maintain we never shall be able to do this.

It is, of course, true that many persons who read poetry and who hear music cannot detect the difference between a great and a mediocre poet or a great and a mediocre musician. We had a wonderful example of this at the first of the Courtauld-Sargent concerts on Monday last, when two overtures and three songs by Dr. Arne were placed between a Mozart serenade and a Haydn symphony and all splendidly played under Mr. Georg Széll from Prague, who is one of the finest conductors we have ever heard in this country. Now, in my opinion, and in that of many musicians, Dr. Arne is a good craftsman in the Handelian tradition and nothing more, but in the programme notes he was described as a great composer. I consider that it is an insult to Purcell to call Dr. Arne a great composer, but, obviously, the people who cannot hear the difference between the two are those who crave some scientific method of distinguishing between them. I want to finish these necessarily brief remarks by saying that mediocre music ought to be performed as well as great music; both are equally necessary for artistic life, but nothing is to be gained by pretending that mediocre music is great music, or mediocre poetry great poetry, as an excuse for listening to it. It needs no such excuse. In the world of art there are many mansions, but fortunately they are not all built on one scientific plan.

W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Leicester Galleries

Mr. Nevinson's new exhibition at the Leicester Galleries is a curious and fascinating jumble of accomplishment. The paintings which will probably arouse most interest are the ones "with a purpose," but they are not the best. The great snag about "symbolic satires" and the like is that they demand from the artist more than one has any right to ask of him. They are not thought of, as pictures should be, exclusively in terms of paint: they are ethical, moral, literary conceptions translated into paint, and they can only be wholly successful if the artist is as good at thinking as he is at painting. This is unusual in artists, and quite superfluous. In other words, as in *They All Know the Way* (62) and *Sacrifice* (82), the quality of the thought is almost invariably inferior to the quality of the painting. *Crucify* (81) is another matter altogether, for here the painter has not set out to illustrate a literary concept; he has experienced a mood and expressed that mood directly in paint. You can give the idea of *They All Know the Way* and *Sacrifice* in words, and lose nothing; but *Crucify* is beyond words. The bulk of the exhibition, however, consists of landscapes done in all sorts of ways. There are quite straightforward evocations of atmosphere, as in *Dawn*, *Earth*, *Clouds*, all of which are successful and done with a sufficiently sharpened viewpoint to redeem them from being commonplace. Mr. Nevinson has an unusual gift for investing his representational paintings with a burning reality of their own, but when this gift is on holiday his work descends to vulgar imitation; in *Greenwich* and *April*, for instance, facility seems to have led him by the nose. On the whole the most impressive things in this strangely mixed collection are those in which, one might say, he is modelling in pure light—as in *The Luxembourg Gardens* and *Rocquebrune*.

If Mr. Nevinson's show disconcerts because of the self-containedness of his paintings, the lack of an imprinted personality, Mr. Gertler's, in the next room, is overpoweringly the reverse in effect. An artist whose chief concern is with building-up a picture and not with subject matter should take care that his raw material, the peg for his design, does not come between the spectator and the finished composition. But Mr. Gertler's subject matter, consisting primarily of brick-red nudes, assaults the eye with quite unnecessary violence and leaves it a little too battered to do justice to his intentions. It is a disappointing show, and

certain mannerisms seem to be hardening into a manner. There is no denying that Mr. Gertler can on occasion produce an admirably arranged painting which does impress the spectator and to some extent transport him from the realms of the flesh—as in *The Birth of the Classic Muse* and *Mandolinist*. But too often a not particularly interesting mind interferes with his most gifted eye.

"Vauxhall Gardens"

Mr. Ashley Dukes' latest venture at the Mercury Theatre, Notting Hill Gate, is a skilfully concocted variety entertainment of the superior order entitled *Vauxhall Gardens*, in which music, singing and ballet are ingeniously blended. A feature of the show is the inclusion of two small operas, *Thomas and Sally*, a pastoral opera by Dr. Arne, and *Every Maid Her Own Mistress*, a cleverly translated version of Pergolesi's famous *La Serva Padrona*.

An attempt has recently been made to put Dr. Arne on the musical map by the inclusion of two of his overtures and some songs at the first of the Courtauld-Sargeant Concerts this month. He was a minor composer in the Handelian fashion of the eighteenth century, but one cannot describe him as anything more than a good craftsman. *Thomas and Sally* has neither the amusing virtuosity of Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona* nor the delicious sentiment of the music of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*.

In *La Serva Padrona* Miss Mabel Ritchie, Mr. Frederick Woodhouse and Mr. Geoffrey Dunn gave a very lively and entertaining performance. Miss Ritchie's singing somewhat lacks smoothness, but she acted extremely well and was delightful to watch. Perhaps the best singing came from Mr. Woodhouse, while Mr. Dunn was consistently droll. The dancing was led by Miss Maude Lloyd, who has returned after a long absence. The costumes and choreography were designed by Andrée Howard and, as usual at this little theatre, the settings and *décor* were charming.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

Those filmgoers who still doubt the almost pathetically good intentions of the more advanced type of American film-producer should visit *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, now showing at the Empire Cinema in Leicester Square. Good intentions are visible in every inch of it; the producer has done his best to treat his subject in a restrained and respectful manner; to reproduce a genuine Victorian household; and, perhaps for this reason, the result is rather dull. Incidentally, the effort required was much too strenuous. How in the world was Miss Norma Shearer, a capable, charming but hopelessly healthy looking young actress, to impersonate the pathetic invalid who produced *Sonnets from the Portuguese*? Miss Zasu Pitts would have been better suited. . . . Mr. Frederic March tries hard to resemble the loquacious, vivid, exuberant young poet who captured Miss Barrett's heart; but, though his rendering of the role is breezy and boisterous enough to blow away a dozen invalids, it does not convey the impression that Mr. Browning was a young man who possessed unusual literary gifts; while his courtship is as unsubtle as a slap on the shoulder. Mr. Laughton makes our flesh creep as Mr. Barrett, and is Nero and Mr. Pecksniff rolled into one. Altogether, the film is moderately successful; but it would be much better if some of the dialogue had been eliminated.

"The Unfinished Symphony" at the New Gallery

Soon some celluloid magnate will get wise to the news that there are melting melodies by a guy named Mozart, but this fall Schubert is the big noise in filmland. *The Unfinished Symphony* is a picture to take your mother to: it's pretty and it's a hundred per cent. pure. There's a tumble in the wheat, but it does more harm to the crops than to the young lady: Mister Schubert was too absent-minded to do anyone wrong. The sets in this show are grand: Prince Esterhazy has a real slap-up *schloss*, and the shots of the country are just gems. Highbrows may grouch about the Countess Esterhazy publicly dusting her face with Coty in the year 1815. Somehow this doesn't look properly old-fashioned. And the *grand finale* with Schubert fading in and out of a Madonna was none too good. But the worst hitch about this picture is that it goes no faster than a funeral march. Central Europeans are speedy enough in their politics, but when it comes to the silver screen, do they linger! And costume puts a brake anyway on the snappiest director. The picture's worth your money just for the music, Philharmonic Orchestra from schnitzel-city, and a soprano with a voice fit to make your canary cut his larynx. The music's swell, the sets are swell, the photography's swell, and if the story's not so swell blame history, not the scenario-man. He has done his best, but who ever said that Schubert's middle name was Casanova?

The Vic-Wells Ballet

Giselle is a true mid-nineteenth century product of stage art. To the Germanic story of romantic frustration on the terrestrial plane is added, in the second act, an epilogue of sentimentalised Slavonic mysticism. That the ballet survives as more than a museum piece is due neither to Théophile Gautier's scenario nor to the pleasantly unobtrusive music by Adolphe Adam but to Caralli's choreography. This gives the two principals a superb opportunity to exercise their mime, technical dancing, virtuosity and physical endurance. The dances themselves have very little connection with the development of the story. They are a series of evolutions in the traditional classic manner for the principals, while the second leads and the corps de ballet are used to give the principals a rest or to dress the scene and advance the story. As presented by the Vic-Wells Ballet, *Giselle* is well worth seeing not only as a true and interesting period piece but on account of the dancing of Markova and Mr. Robert Helpmann, which is excellent. They are very ably supported by the corps de ballet, but not so well by the soloists, whose dancing and mime do not contrast sufficiently with those of the two principals.

At the Crystal Palace

The Pageant of Labour, presented this week at the Crystal Palace, is a gigantic and very ambitious production. Perhaps too ambitious, too gigantic, for the huge hall is a cave of the winds, and it was a bitterly cold place to sit in on Monday night. It may have been this purely physical discomfort which made me feel that the production itself needed shortening and tightening up. Three minor stages above the main platform are used for the exposition of various incidents in the lives of several generations of the Fletcher family, and these are punctuated by extended "actions" below and some admirable ballets. But the microphones help the players only at a price, so that the major successes of the evening are the mass movements and the ballets. The historical survey of the emergence of the working-class movement is remarkably complete, if treated rather heavily at times. We see the exploitation of the children in factories and mines while fashionable London is callous to their sufferings, the hideous persecutions which followed the Luddite movement, the Chartists, the beginnings of the Co-operative Movement, and the Dockers' and the Match-girls' strikes, and there are tableaux suggesting the attitude of the workers before, during and after the war. Mr. Edward P. Genn, the producer, deserves congratulations for his handling of so vast an enterprise and so do the ballet mistresses and choreographers. But it seems a pity that a working-class audience should have to pay a shilling for a programme which would be less expensive if it did not contain ninety-one photograph portraits of organisers and performers.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 19th—
"Othello," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.

SATURDAY, October 20th—
Lamond, Wigmore Hall, 3.
The New English Singers, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.

SUNDAY, October 21st—
Prof. F. Aveling on "The Psychology of Religious Experience," Conway Hall, 11.
Croydon Film Society, Davis Theatre, Croydon, 2.30.
Donald Barber on "Socialism and the Banks," Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, 7.30.
London Lieder Concerts, Lotte Lehmann, Hyde Park Hotel, 9.

MONDAY, October 22nd—
London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

TUESDAY, October 23rd—
Flower Show, Orchids, New Horticultural Hall.
Eric Walrond on "New Trends in Negro Literature," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Public Debate on the Sedition Bill. For the Bill: W. S. Morrison and Douglas Jerrold. Against: D. N. Pritt and Professor H. Laski, Caxton Hall, 8.
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Roosevelt," Morley College, 8.
Lotte Lehmann, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
"C.I.D.," Playhouse.

WEDNESDAY, October 24th—
Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis on "The Soviet Writers' Congress, 1934," Kingsway Hall (Oak Room), 8.15.
B.B.C. Symphony Concert (Beecham), Queen's Hall, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE are certain drugs, "known to the medical profession," which are capable of producing a strange variety of effects. A small dose, and according to our constitution we become foolish, animated, morose or merely ill: the result is quite unpredictable. Satire acts in a similar way. The same book—*Bouvard et Pécuchet* for example—will excite in different readers feelings of extreme delight and disgust; while others may be left angry, bewildered or indifferent. How often in recommending a work of satire to our friends we are tempted to add "—but of course you may not like it," as though liking it involved some peculiarity on which it would be wrong to insist! And the same uncertainty extends to the place of the satirist among his fellow artists. In one age he reigns supreme, in another he is banished altogether; and generally he is regarded as the rogue who has broken away from the herd. Not only the merit of individual satirists, but the validity of Satire itself, has been questioned again and again. That is excellent proof, no doubt, of its effectiveness, and even to-day, when an infiltration of satire is to be found in every branch of art and letters, when we are all more or less inoculated against it, the original strain persists undiluted and almost unchanged. Despite the upheavals of the Romantic movement, there is still a satiric mode, though its twin, the tragic, has long since disappeared. We are constantly being surprised by its re-appearance in modern forms, in Byron as well as Boileau, Flaubert as well as Jonson. For the differences between "classical" and "romantic" in satire, however considerable within the canon, do not amount to much outside it. We all of us recognise the old panto when we see it—with glee or horror, according to our taste. The same old turns, the donkeys and Twankeys and poetasters, Stultitia's palace, the march-past of hacks and trots, the harlequinade round the town! Satire, that *vieux quartier* of literature, does not shift its ground; we still get the stinks on a summer evening. And it is a whiff that, personally, I could not do without.

* * *

Let me quote, from a new satire which is published this week, a passage that happened to be the first I read in the book.

> Some of this breed should be in Fisbo's train.
> Peace to all such and may they soon turn sane!
> But, for the rest, since Destiny allows
> Me time nor patience to delouse a louse,
> To the residuum scum, the gaudy crew,
> The cultured *bandalog*, his retinue,
> Smart-would-be-artists, artists-would-be-smart,
> And demireps of the *demi-monde* of art,
> To foxy fribble and to sly buffoon,
> To lyric babe and laureate gossoon,
> To cits that screed now scribbling is the fashion,
> To demi-virgin analysts of passion . . .
> To royal Fisbo's Corps of Dilettanti
> A deadlier hell than any hell of Dante—
> May they be taken, lucky girls and boys,
> To Kew in lilac-time by Alfred Noyes;
> If they make love, may Marie keep the ropes
> And they be loved by numbers *à la* Stopes;
> May each be painted times beyond all telling
> By President Sir W. Llewellyn;
> May Dean Inge lecture them on Modern Art,
> Queen Marie of Roumania on the heart;
> May they be doomed to hear, day out, day in,
> The *Poem of Ecstasy* by Scriabin,
> And thrice a week, or be it shine or shower,
> Sit out R. Boughton's too *Immortal Hour*;
> By Hannen Swaffer be their drama schooled;
> Their novels criticised by Gerald Gould,
> Their music—be there music in such souls—
> By Philip Page and Mister Percy Scholes;
> May P. Guedalla write their public histories;
> May Middleton Murry explicate their mysteries;
> May James Joyce find 'em in his Irish stew;
> May Coward forget 'em in his next revue;
> May Wyndham Lewis fancy them profound;
> May they be patronised by Ezra Pound;
> And, when at last the Devil's had enough
> And quit such rubbish for some sterner stuff
> May Jimmie Douglas weep aloud for them
> And were-wolf Humbert howl their requiem!

There is the old tune and the topical hit all right. We need not bother too much how that will look *sub specie aeternitatis*—I daresay it will survive its time. Good satire is immediate; and here there is real wit, the verse speaks vigorously, and in fact we should find it difficult to provide a better modern catalogue. This passage has, I think, an impetuousness and an underlying energy which will make us want to read the whole poem—even when we learn that it is a poem of some 4,500 lines, divided into five books and containing an appendix of "notes technical and textual." I have been quoting from Mr. Robert Nichols's *Fisbo: or The Looking-Glass Loaned* (Heinemann, 7*s.* 6*d.*), a volume which I have read with furious enjoyment. It is fresh and energetic to the end. For the first time, I think, since the war an English poet has succeeded in writing a full-dress satire which is something more than a dress-rehearsal in an empty theatre. And incidentally, for the first time Mr. Nichols has come into his own as a poet.

* * *

His theme is traditional: the poetaster who thrives on fashion. There are plenty of Fisbo's in the *Dunciad*; and in Mr. Wyndham Lewis's *Apes of God* we shall find Fisbo himself. The subject has been explored pretty thoroughly, in prose, by Mr. Lewis, who may be said to have put Fisbo and his cronies, along with the gossip-column class in general, on the map. No one would claim for Mr. Nichols much invention in this respect; like most satirists he is using again the material of others. But he uses it with individual and raking effect; as in all good satire, the old tricks serve to frame the new performance; and Mr. Nichols attacks with wit, with immediacy, and—yes—with passion. He lets himself go—and that is a thing he has never done before. With satire he releases also the poetry which has been bottled up too long. I cannot imagine that he would ever have written this book, or anything like it, without an immediate personal cause. "Fisbo" stung him badly. He started up in a rage, determined as he says not only to wield the bladder but to kill. This unusually long, and unusually entertaining, poem is the result. The name was chosen with care—Fisbo; Fisbo is on every page; we see him—"more fat than some, more fatuous than most"—with his malacca cane, gloves and hat, his "queenly nose," his condescension, his plump breast and "famous hands"; Fisbo writing verses, posing in a theatre foyer, emerging from a dockland pub; at any point in the narrative the sight of *Fisbo* is enough to start the author off on another catalogue or invocation—and strange to say, the fun doesn't flag. Byron once wrote to Scott: "I like a row, and always did from a boy, in the course of which propensity, I must needs say, that I have found it the most easy of all to be gratified, personally and poetically." Obviously this is true also of Mr. Nichols; a pity he did not discover it before.

* * *

He is a thoroughgoing Romantic; his satire belongs (as the reader may have guessed) to the school of Byron, and not of Boileau. He uses the loose heroic couplet with great flexibility and skill; and the "story" of *Fisbo* is sufficiently strong to bear the pulls, this way and that, of Mr. Nichols's lively imagination. Fancy and lyrical feeling, as well as denunciation and satire, swell the lines of his poem; besides the strut of the central figure, we are given a romantic picture of London, some affecting monologues from the sick-bed of the author, and the interventions of the satirist's *diabolus ex machina*. The speech of the publicity agent to Fisbo (pages 60–8) is as fiercely ironical as an essay by Swift. The matter and the method, it will be seen, are varied enough; but the strength of Mr. Nichols's poem, what raises it above so many similar attempts, is that the narrative sweeps them together. It is as compact as a biography; it is, however fantastic, the biography of Fisbo.

G. W. STONIER

THE NATIONALIST

The Life of Lord Carson. Vol. II. By IAN COLVIN. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Every reader must occasionally be aware that he has stumbled upon a book which he cannot possibly read or judge with an unprejudiced mind. It is perhaps still more unfortunate and unpleasant when, as in the present case, the reader is also a reviewer. In such a position, it is only fair that the reviewer should at once lay his cards or prejudices face upwards upon the table. The trouble is simply this, that all Mr. Colvin's and Lord Carson's standards of political and social values are the exact opposite of mine, and their aims, objects, policies, tactics, strategy, ideals, emotions appear to me just what those of Gulliver and the Yahoos appeared to the Houyhnhnm. Let me take as an example an apparently unimportant and casual remark of Mr. Colvin's, for it is when we are not thinking very much about what we are saying that we show most clearly on which side of the fence we are really sitting. In 1913 Lord Roberts was asked to find a commander for the Ulster Volunteers. He found Lieut.-General Richardson, K.C.B. This is Mr. Colvin's comment:

> Richardson was, in fact, very much like Roberts, one of those small, wiry, keen old soldiers who had learnt to know men and war fighting the Afghans and Pathans on the North-West Frontier. He found material to his mind in the Ulster Volunteers, with whom he was soon as completely at home as with the tribesmen of the Tirah or Zhob Valley.

Clearly Mr. Colvin and Lord Carson think that people whose knowledge of men and the world was derived from killing Afghans and Pathans were the kind of people whom it was desirable to put into responsible positions in Ulster in 1913 and who would help to find the right solution of the Irish problem. To me it would have seemed just as reasonable and statesmanlike to choose for the purpose people who had learnt to know men and war head-hunting in the Pacific Islands.

The beliefs, emotions, and standards of Lord Carson and his biographer are those of nationalism, and to this reviewer they appear scarcely distinguishable from the beliefs, emotions, and standards of primitive savages. The period covered in this volume is the five years from 1909 to 1914 in which Lord Carson, with the help of the House of Lords and the Unionist Party, wrecked the third Home Rule Bill and made any peaceful solution of the Irish problem impossible. In order to achieve their ends they were prepared to organise armed resistance against the Government, to foment a civil war, to intrigue against the Government with highly placed army officers who morally and legally owed the most scrupulous obedience and loyalty to the Government. And what *were* their ends? Not to prevent the inclusion of Ulster in a Home Rule Bill; Mr. Colvin more than once (on pages 104, 223 and 283, for instance) makes this quite clear. The "whole design," as he says himself, "was to wreck the Bill." They calculated that by demanding the complete exclusion of Ulster they would make it impossible to pass a Bill giving any measure of Home Rule to Southern Ireland. And their calculations were sound—but only because the minds of the Irish Nationalists were in exactly the same state of primitive savagery as those of Lord Carson and his Ulstermen. Carson himself believed that if Redmond had accepted the exclusion of Ulster, he would in the end have won the voluntary inclusion of Ulster. Apparently, even now, after the Irish rebellion, the Black and Tans, the Treaty, the De Valera Government, and the present relations of Ireland and Britain, neither Lord Carson nor his biographer have ever paused to consider what that belief implies.

To those who do not accept Mr. Colvin's standards the story which he has to tell is sordid and depressing. Like all Nationalists, he sees all his friends as angels and all his enemies as devils. Mr. Asquith and the Liberal Party cut a sorry enough figure in these five years, and the Southern Irish spoiled a good case by obstinately refusing to give to others what they demanded for themselves. But that, of course, affords no warrant for the fantastic vision of politics in the brain of Mr. Colvin. Whatever a Liberal does is apparently discreditable and at the best disingenuous; every Conservative is always all honour and righteousness. The deliberate betrayal of information by Generals at the War Office is peculiarly honourable, provided of course it is to "loyalists." At this point, however, those who do not accept the nationalist standards of Mr. Colvin realise that even their view of what constitutes "loyalty" differs fundamentally from his—and *de maximis non est disputandum.*

LEONARD WOOLF

A SPANISH REFORMER

Cardinal Ximenes and the Making of Spain. By REGINALD MERTON. *Kegan Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The history of Spain between 1474 and 1517 is of great interest. Within a few years a number of small often warring States became the nucleus of a vast empire. Rich provinces were gained in Europe, a new continent was discovered beyond the ocean and Spanish armies carried everything before them. As might be expected, this rise in importance was accompanied by equal changes in Spanish life and character. The most tolerant race in Europe, the channel through which Oriental culture had reached the West, became the most isolated and the most fanatical. A people remarkable for its free institutions was bent, with scarcely a protest, into a rigid autocracy. Some of the features of this revolution illustrate how clearly history repeats itself: the rage for purity of race as well as for uniformity of ideology, the rigid censorship, the Inquisition (a Spanish Ogpu), the rise in the cost of living due to the prohibition to export gold—all carried to lengths previously unheard of. We can watch the working out of these principles of nationalism in economic decay and lethargy, but also, it must be admitted, in internal peace and in a fair measure of happiness. Spain was saved the religious wars of the seventeenth century and the burnings of the witches, with all the lust for cruelty that they gave rise to. The only revolt that took place in nearly three centuries was caused by a decree shortening the brims of hats.

The crucial period of this change was the reign of the Catholic Kings. No great figures stand out as moulding or directing it; it was pure accident in the form of two lucky marriages and the voyage of a half crazy sailor that brought about this grand concentration of power, but without the talents and industry of four secondary figures, Isabella and Ferdinand, the Gran Capitan and Cardinal Ximenes, this result might not have been secured. Here we have the best account yet given in English of Ximenes.

Mr. Merton's book is well written and gives a fair presentation of the facts. It is also well produced and contains some interesting portraits. But it does not escape the mysterious law by which nearly all history books written in English are dull whereas those

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written in French and German are often not. History to be interesting requires to be a mixture of ideas and facts—ideas that are drawn from those facts and not imposed by the religious or political preconceptions of the writer. It also demands of the historian a considerable intuition into character. But the people who in England might best supply the ideas and the intuitions are either too lazy or too busy earning their livings to undertake the necessary research, and history is left to a sequestered and conservative class who find in the dusty accumulations of past ages a mystical refuge from actuality.

Within these limitations Mr. Merton has done well on a difficult subject—for all that is known of Cardinal Ximenes' private life and character can be given in a few pages, whilst his public life is deeply involved in the political intrigues of the times. But he is inclined to be too partial to his hero. I cannot, for instance, agree that Ximenes' outrageous breach of faith with the Moors of Granada was out of keeping with the rest of his actions. There was a tradition among the ruling classes of humane and honourable dealing with the Moors, that had grown up through centuries of intercourse. But Ximenes was one of the new men, such as More and Savanarola and Luther, who stood for war upon the infidel without, and within a drastic reform of religion and morals.

"I have caused great calamities," wrote his patron, Queen Isabella, "I have depopulated towns, lands, provinces and kingdoms, but I have acted thus from love of Christ and His Holy Mother."

In all ages of the world the behaviour of reformers of religion and morals has been very similar.

When he deals with Isabella's predecessor, Henry the Impotent, Mr. Merton merely repeats the official view—and garbled at that. So much has been written upon the *strong* kings that it is a pity that more research cannot be done upon the *weak* ones. This notoriously weak one was not only an interesting man, but we are still suffering from the effects of his infirmity. The Reformation, the religious wars, the ruin of Italy, the British Empire may all with some plausibility be put down to it, since if his repudiated daughter the Beltraneja had not been dispossessed by Isabella, Portugal instead of Aragon would have been joined to Castile and the energies of the Iberian peoples would have turned west and south instead of, as happened with such disastrous consequences for the rest of Europe, to the north and east.

One small correction of fact. The Mozarabic rite has not, as Mr. Merton declares, an Arian origin, but has always been perfectly orthodox. Ximenes saved it from the growing prevalence of the Roman rite by curtailing it and limiting its practice to a few churches.

GEORGE BEATON

NEW NOVELS

Seven Gothic Tales. By ISAK DINESEN. *Putnam.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In Company with Crispin. By HUMPHREY PAKINGTON. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Old Man's Birthday. By RICHMAL CROMPTON. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Good-bye, Mr. Chips! By JAMES HILTON. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 5*s.*

Seldom is the reader of modern fiction struck by an author's inventiveness. Without being autobiographical many of the most readable novels are a mosaic of everyday sensations and experiences, more or less assimilated by a sensitive mind, and usually less rather than more transformed by an aesthetic process. When the aesthetic process has been freely at work the parts and particulars of such a novel form a whole in which a universal application, not otherwise to be stated, can be felt. Occasionally a situation will stand out in the memory (and situation will always in this sort of novel imply character)—Mr. Ramsay of *To the Lighthouse*, drawing vitality and self-confidence from his wife—but more often it is a general atmosphere of lives somewhat resembling our own which remains. Most of the better novels of to-day come under this rough heading. Another, and much more popular class, continues the tradition of an earlier day by tracing the careers of captains of industry, tyrannical hatters and pseudo-Kippses who "start at the bottom and work steadily downward." Here we might expect to find "invention," but, on the contrary, though often skilfully managed, the goods here tend to have a second-hand quality, a suspicious familiarity: their source is felt to be, not life, but other fiction. This class, on the whole, is produced by writers with commonplace minds, wanting in a sharp personal sense of reality, or unable to express it, who take refuge in large designs.

Isak Dinesen belongs to neither class. She (the wrapper states that she is a Dane writing in English) follows the best exponents of the first school in steeping her material in medium extremely personal and yet detached, so that universality arises from particularity; but her approach is much less psychological than philosophical. She is, most of all, a story-teller; and it is in the variety and richness of the incidents related that her power of invention shows itself. For her, creation of character is by the way, built up by such touches as the sentence in Count Augustus's initial reverie: "The idea of marriage has been to me the presence in life of a person with whom I could talk, tomorrow, of the things that had happened yesterday"; and by the betrayal, a page later, through his complaint of his wife's jealousy, of his complete unconscious narcissism. The characters are incidental to the plots, whereby the patterns and rhythms of life are exposed in terms of event and action. The author approaches the events and persons in a romantic yet philosophic spirit, as Wordsworth approached the Leech-gatherer; and thus identifies herself with the mental climate of the time in which all her stories are set. It is this mental climate of which the old Countess in *The Roads Round Pisa* complains:

> When I saw her holding on to her fancy I took her before me and explained to her the facts of life. But God alone knows what has come over the generation of women who have been born after the Revolution of the French and the novels of that woman de Staël—wealth, position, and a tolerant husband are not enough to them, they want to make love as we took the sacrament.

Occasionally, as in *The Deluge at Norderney*, the soliloquies of the persons relating their life-stories, and their conversations, are not quite successful in so far as we become a trifle bored; and this story, unlike the others, is weak in that it depends for its effect on an Edgar Wallaceish touch of impersonation; but, on the whole, *Seven Gothic Tales* is a highly accomplished piece of work, civilised, but flavoured, and full of well-restrained and delicate irony and humour. Many of the scenes are exquisitely described; not soon shall I forget the girl dancing ballet steps to a musical-box in the dawn. Except for the abominable Americanism of using "around" for "round," and some difficulty with the verb "to get" on the first page, the English style is fine, flexible, and individual.

Mr. Pakington's Crispin makes cheerful company, although the extremely slight material of local pageants, village society, etc., is padded out to undue length, particularly since none of the chief characters is sufficiently distinguished from the rest to engage our interest. Crispin, his sisters, his potential and actual beloveds, and his brothers-in-law all speak in the same agreeably frivolous manner, and remain so many names. This may be because *In Company with Crispin* is a sequel. The minor characters, somewhat caricatured, are well done, especially the bright guest with her relentlessly recurrent: "And what are the plans for to-day?"

The Old Man's Birthday unfolds the events of twelve hours in the lives of the Royston family. In real life, crises often assume sea-serpent formation—a succession of humps, never coming to a Medusa head. In fiction, not so; and this is particularly noticeable, of course, in a novel planned with an artificial time-limit. In order to display the persons and their relationships, all kinds of important events have to be crowded into one day, which would really have been spread over months and years. To say that this is extremely noticeable in Miss Crompton's new novel is to say that she does not succeed in creating the necessary illusion. Her characters belong to rather, sometimes excessively, obvious types; indeed, her sense of humour, very apparent in some details such as the Arundel prints incident, deserts her completely whenever she approaches her heroine, who constitutes a really frightful piece of Third-Floor-Back sentimentality. *The Old Man's Birthday*, with its large numbers of Roystons and its genealogical table, inevitably recalls *The Old Man Dies* of last year, and suggests a long vista of Old Men still to come; and it is the sort of Galsworthy-made-easy novel for which the fireside table always has a place.

If Miss Crompton is sentimental about her heroine what word is left for Mr. Hilton and his Mr. Chips? This is a short, sickly story about the life and death of a dear, funny old schoolmaster, whose Latin tags, jokes and puns so delighted the dear old school:

> And once, Chips had got into trouble because of some joke he had made about the name and ancestry of a boy named Isaacstein. The boy wrote home about it, and Isaacstein *père* sent an angry letter to

★ WAR & PEACE & THE U.S.S.R. ★

BY GORE GRAHAM, WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LORD MARLEY · 5/-

¶ This extremely outspoken account of the preparations for War — and especially of the aggressive economic policies inevitably leading to such preparations — in the major Capitalist countries of the world is carefully documented.

¶ Taking the Soviet Union as his standpoint, the author systematically surveys the changing relationships which exist between that country and the various world powers. He deals in detail with the rise of Japan at the expense of China; the Japanese aggressions on the mainland of Asia and the Soviet attitude towards Japan; the overwhelming victories of the Japanese manufacturer when he competes in the world markets; and the general atmosphere of increasing alarm with which the Capitalist world regards this new commercial competitor.

¶ The warning of impending War, and possibly of World-war, is reiterated, not in any sensational fashion but merely by the citation of such ominous and significant facts as the American proposal that a portion of the British War Debt to the United States should be liquidated in exchange for seaplane bases in the Pacific. The question of a great conflict between the East and West, i.e. between Japan and the United States, or between Japan and Russia, is fully considered.

¶ Having discussed the state of affairs in the Orient, the author turns to the European situation, and deals here not merely with international relationships between European powers and the U.S.S.R., but between the various European powers themselves. Here again he exercises his fundamental thesis, viz., that though the great Capitalist Powers desire nothing more strongly than to see the downfall and destruction of the Soviet Republic, they are, in some measure, defeated in this end, for they are compelled by the very nature of their Capitalism to pursue their separate and mutually destructive policies.

¶ The author makes it clear, however, that in his opinion the danger of an anti-Soviet war definitely exists. In the final section, entitled "What is to be done?" he analyses the various proposals for international peace.

★ WHY THIS SOCIALISM? ★

By Sir Stafford Cripps, 2/6

Sir Stafford explains why he is a Socialist

GOLLANCZ 14 HENRIETTA STREET COVENT GARDEN

Ralston—touchy, no sense of humour, no sense of proportion; that was the matter with them, these new fellows.

If that is Mr. Hilton's notion of a sense of humour and a sense of proportion, silence appears to be the only adequate reply. *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* bears no relation to literature whatever.

E. B. C. JONES

OSSUARY OF BOOKS

A Handbook of Greek Literature. By H. J. ROSE. *Methuen.* 21*s.*

For reference purposes this new manual will meet all needs for many years, for it sets out to describe all recorded Greek authors and books, and is written by one familiar with the latest researches. The mass of dry fact that inevitably results from completeness has been pushed out of sight as far as possible by the use of small type and footnotes for such matters as can only concern serious students. The bulk of the book is in the larger type and tells all that any normal reader may want to know about Greek literary history. Jewish and Christian writings in Greek are excluded altogether, while philosophic and learned works are judged largely by literary standards, and the information concerning them is not on the same high level of scholarship as the rest of the book. For example, Xenophon's historical novel on Cyrus the Great is dismissed as a dull embodiment of ideals of royalty: "an extraordinary fact is the popularity of the *Cyropaedia* among men otherwise of good taste, notably Scipio Africanus the Younger and Cicero, both of whom, it is true, were moving towards monarchist conceptions." Surely it is the business of a literary historian to explain any such "extraordinary fact," and a little thought would suffice in the case of the *Cyropaedia*. Written during the collapse of Greek democracy, it describes the establishment of a fascist federal State under a ruler openly amenable to advice, if not subject to an unwritten law of constitutional restrictions. That the scheme so nearly approximates to that upon which Alexander formed his empire would itself justify Xenophon's book; I believe, too, that it contains the germ of the doctrine of man's brotherhood which is implicit in Alexander's world-state and has recently been claimed as his own invention. Of the great value of the *Cyropaedia* as a source of information upon Persian life and history, Prof. Rose apparently has no inkling, though it has been much emphasised in recent years. His disregard for historical interest shows, too, in his reference to a late Latin poet's account of Atlantic trade-routes, the original of which he attributes to Pytheas, the first Greek explorer of the North. Actually it seems that the main source was a sailing-manual written two centuries earlier by an unknown Greek of Marseilles. Its allusion to Gaulish voyages to the island of the Albiones near Ireland (reversing the customary injustice) plainly did not emanate from Pytheas or any other eye-witness, and other indications point to a date shortly before 500 B.C., so that this is the oldest mention of Britain.

Professor Rose's attention is in fact concentrated on the literary merit of his authors, and his book can have no thrills except to readers who find an enduring value in literature which time has mostly discarded. All but the greatest books must lose their emotional appeal within a few generations, and it is obvious that the majority of the purely literary compositions in ancient Greek would not have perished if they had continued to seem as good as they did to their contemporaries. It is through no accident that so many of the extant manuscripts are of historical, scientific or philosophic writings, and that so many of the rest are copies of the greatest masterpieces, like the Odyssey and the Iliad. The work of the lesser poets and dramatists ceased to be copied because it ceased to have literary value; at the most it has acquired an archaeological or grammatical interest. The difficulty of appreciation has increased with the death of the language itself, for no modern scholar, whatever his gifts, can hope to appreciate the choice of words as fully as did the people who spoke it. On the whole it seems to me that it was unnecessary to obscure the rise or fall of literary movements by the enumeration of every author and by the description of every book on record whether lost or extant, with an assessment of its merits. A Classical Dictionary can do that: a continuous history becomes less informative when it overflows with information of the sort that nobody should want except for a cross-word puzzle.

Professor Rose has an excellent habit of printing names in Greek fount as well as in Roman. He might therefore have safely romanised on the ordinary method instead of making his pages spiky with "k's." As it is he carries accuracy to the point of writing "nektar" and "Theokritos," but stops short at "Sokratic" instead of the logical "Sokratik," which would have looked much more Greek, and would scarcely have been more unlike English than the rest of those perversions whereby our classical scholars try to atone for their birth on the wrong side of the German Ocean.

A. W. LAWRENCE

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THE GLASTONBURY MONSTER

Autobiography. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. *Lane.* 15*s.*

"It is a criminal blunder of our maturer years," writes Mr. John Cowper Powys at the beginning of this autobiography, "that we so tamely and without frantic and habitual struggles to retain it, allow *the ecstasy of the unbounded* to slip away out of our lives."

Mr. Powys himself retains it both frantically and habitually. His intimations of boundlessness began early at his father's Derbyshire vicarage. There was a grassy hill which gave him a "dim feeling of immensity"; it became "synonymous with sublimity." Oddly enough, a pair of boots had a similarly powerful effect. They were his father's boots and their thick soles conveyed "my father's volcanic intensity of earth-feeling." "An oceanic in-pouring of this 'un-bounded'" was occasioned by his father's axe. It made, he adds, in what might be called the cosmic humourlessness of this book, "An even greater dent in my mind." Mr. Powys' romanticism and egolatry—which he begs us not to confuse with Rousseau's; there is no danger of that—have their real rival in the amateur-philosophical writings of another celebrated transatlantic lecturer, Count Keyserling. By flood-lighting every episode with symbolism, some dramatic effects are obtained, particularly in the uncovering of new kinds of vice. At Sherborne:

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from a moving train. His meditations upon sadism tell him that "from an intense absorption over a long period of time there must emanate magnetic vibrations of some sort permeating the surrounding air and leaving an evil impress that only gradually dies away."

These quotations may indicate the embarrassment of the task of reviewing Mr. Powys' book. One has the sensation of entering some Turkish Bath of the psyche, and of there seeing Mr. Powys naked in the hottest room of the subjective process. He sits steaming confusedly away, an ascetic-looking figure for all his verbal sensuality, declaiming theatrically and monotonously among the vapours and secretions. He is determined to sweat every drop out of his system.

Whether Mr. Powys' naked and shameless candour is as candid as it sounds is doubtful. He is naked yet hidden in the vapour of his own confession. He seems to me to have wrapped himself in sensationalism. Thus, the objective facts of his life in the 650 closely printed pages of this book, are few. One hears a little of the other members of his distinguished family, one gathers a portrait here and there from Sherborne, and has a guess or two at what happened at Cambridge and later at Brighton, where his career as a lecturer began. There is a gentleman who had had sunstroke in Singapore and who wrote poetry. He said, "Powys, we must propitiate magnates." There is a working man who introduced the sex, symbolism and magic-obsessed lecturer with his "impersonal lust," to the "chaste whores" of Liverpool. There are brief glimpses of America. The rest is boundlessness, wordy tunnellings down the long arches of the solitary ego.

Mr. Powys' case will no doubt be clear to psychologists—this, incidentally, seems to irritate him for it puts a stop to boundlessness. His book is often a rich and fascinating document. A great part of his life he was obsessed with what he calls sadistic erotic perversions. Normal sexual phenomena revolted him. He dreamed of sylph-like, idealised girls. He developed a passion for erotic literature and was even able to get sexual stimulus from the blameless Ally Sloper's Weekly. Naturally he hated women. He even went to the extent of hating trees and plants for their feminine parts. He feared he might become a woman. He loathed to see a woman holding a handkerchief in her hand. There is a secret life held back in everyone by the sluices of shame, and Mr. Powys' public confession may bring private release to others. The very secrecy of that life, stagnant behind its shames, breeds those perversions, those fears and obsessions which, in this book, make Mr. Powys give a disproportionate value to irrelevant matter. They cut a man off from his fellows. They have cut Mr. Powys off. So that, fishing in the Glastonbury gloom of consciousness, he feels the line jerk, hauls away and brings up a creature whose length he immediately exaggerates. It does not occur to him that others are drily comparing catches with him ; and it never enters his head when he cries—borrowing the manner of a de Quincey or a Hazlitt—"You will hardly believe it, reader, when I tell you . . ." that his Glastonbury Monster seems to other fishermen rather less than a sprat.

With poetic intuitions—yet no poet ; emulator of prose styles, but no stylist ; with an ability to draw character, but no novelist ; a priest washing his sins in rhetoric ; a mystic only too much in tune with the indefinite ; an actor, but fatally insisting upon a one-man play ; a man as easily bogged in the sublime as in the ridiculous, his self-dramatisations collapsing at a touch into bathos—with all his intuitive and imaginative gifts, Mr. Powys ends by making turgid what he has the ability to make clear. He rejoices in the revolt against reason :

> The people who use this term against me are exactly the type of persons who all the way down history have been the enemies of everything I value most in life. They hate, distrust and despise imagination. . . . Personally for myself I would define this vein of "charlantism" in me which you are so afraid of as the clown-element, or the comic-actor element, *in the essence of all psychic truth*. Without this element —which is the perilous drop of the aboriginal berry-juice of old Saturn's blood—the pursuit of truth would resemble something between a four hours' speech by Mr. Gladstone and a four weeks' visit to some scientific retreat, where they investigate dogs' saliva through slits in their necks.

Excellent intoxication, but it is verbal and not imaginative. One can only answer Mr. Powys out of his own mouth :

> . . . it is the element of self-love, in totally irrelevant happenings, that accounts for the indescribable tediousness of many autobiographies.

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THE DEVIL'S IN IT

The Devil in Scotland : with an Introductory Essay and Wood Engravings by DOUGLAS PERCY BLISS. *Alexander Maclehose.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The nucleus of this book is a good idea ; four Scottish masterpieces no one of which can suffer by being placed cheek-by-jowl with any of the others, and each of them dealing with that popular Scottish figure, Auld Nick. *Wandering Willie's Tale* is probably the finest thing Scott ever wrote, with its mixture of humour, gruesomeness, and pity, the warm life of its characters. *Tam o' Shanter* needs no apologist, and Scott's achievement in his tale can be measured by the fact that it survives comparison with Burns' *chef d'oeuvre*. While *Thrawn Janet* and *Tod Lapraik*, had Stevenson written nothing more, would place him among the greatest Scottish writers and among the most perfect writers of any country. How exquisitely he creates exactly the atmosphere which he desires, and by a delicate understatement conveys the same eeriness as Burns achieves by piling-up of horrors. And all are linked together by what is perhaps a Scottish characteristic, that of making the blood run cold with a humorous intention.

The idea then and the material are good, and many people will enjoy this book. But the execution is disappointing. Mr. Bliss has contributed a long and fairly learned preface on what he calls *diablerie*. Why *diablerie*, so unpleasantly suggestive of *agacerie* and *espiéglerie* ? A small point perhaps, but words carry their atmosphere and there is little graceful naughtiness in the Scottish devil, or in any of these tales. Then Mr. Bliss seems to have misunderstood the relation of devilry to religion. "Faery," he says, "is a realm remote, known only to poets and witches and certainly not to Presbyterians." But presbyterian Scotland remains to-day not unfamiliar with Faery, and it was not only the Calvinist church but also the Catholic, in every century, that identified Faery with demonology. Primitive peoples have always accepted the magical, interpreting it as potentially good or evil. The churches have always condemned it as the devil's work, and the gradual transference of the magical idea from fairies to witches is a natural result of the progress of religious influence and teaching.

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Yet even now fairies as distinct from witches still survive here and there in the highly presbyterian Scottish highlands, and it is not only evil spirits that are abroad on All Hallow's E'en. Miss Helen Waddell described to me once a meeting with the fairies that took place in France in the early Middle Ages, and how the people asked the priest not to be present as, if he were, the fairies would be "*fort gênés*." Naturally, since he regarded them offensively as devils.

Then Mr. Bliss is surprised to find that "in that comprehensive Hell of the Scottish Middle Ages lurked all the old gods and goddesses." But that was not peculiar to Scotland. Many fathers of the Catholic Church and many Popes believed that the ancient gods were devils. "Are you not ashamed," said Pope Pius II on one occasion to the Bishop of Arras, "to call them gods whom our ancestors have affirmed were either men, and evil men at that, or devils?" So deeply rooted in the mind of man was the belief in the supernatural that it could not eradicated, only condemned.

But most disappointing of all are the illustrations. Mr. Bliss is very hard, and with some reason, on his predecessors who have dealt with *Tam*. He has certainly escaped their drawing-room politeness, his sark is uncompromisingly cutty, but I do not think that he has come any nearer the truth. For one thing he is too derivative. Burns, he says, "should have had some Scottish Rowlandson," so on p. 39 he provides us with an imitation Rowlandson, or rather an imitation "Phiz." In others, as on p. 97, he recalls the early English and German wood-cutters, and one at least is purest Chauve Souris. And in all he forgets, or does not know, that when a Scot tells a ghost or devil story he does not want only to make you laugh. He will not feel he has succeeded unless your blood runs cold. Nowhere is this clearer than in *Thrawn Janet*, a story the cruel humour of which, if one can call it humour, is more French than Anglo-Saxon. And for Stevenson, undoubtedly, the laugh was far less important than the shudder. "It's a strange thing that the soul of man should be that thirled into his perishable body; but the minister saw that, an' his heart didna break." That is written with passionate conviction, and Mr. Bliss has chosen to render the tale in lines of broad comedy.

Even in *Tam o' Shanter*, for all its roistering humour, Burns is out to make us shudder while we laugh. Why else the piling up of horrible allusions—

> By this time he was cross the ford,
> Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
> And past the birks and meikle stane
> Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
> And thro' the whins, and by the cairn
> Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
> And near the thorn, aboon the well,
> Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.

And farther on, with the same intention, there is the prolonged list of what Tam noted on the holy table, ending up—

> A garter, which a babe had strangled;
> A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
> Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
> The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
> Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
> Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

And there—why has Mr. Bliss omitted the next four lines? For Burns, unlawfully, goes on to name them. Why is it that these four lines are invariably omitted, in all editions of *Tam?* No one can pretend that they are not by Burns, but a later commentator with a down on priests and lawyers. For they appear in the manuscript of *Tam*, and Burns we know from other poems did not love priests or lawyers. Can it then be that even in this emancipated century the polite mouth jibs at slandering these pillars of respectable society?

Even the format of the book is not so good as one has come to expect from the house of Robert Maclehose, who printed it. The typography is unimaginative, the leading of the title page has been so badly done, at least in my copy, that the lines run up and down like the waves of the sea, while—be it the printer's fault or the artist's—the wood-engravings look at times suspiciously like scraper-board.

FLORA GRIERSON

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WHEN IS A REVOLUTION . . .?

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Few words can have been bedevilled by history so thoroughly as "a revolution." To be a "Revolution Tory" in the early eighteenth century was to be a notable loyalist; and, when Burke wrote of "the glorious Revolution" and of the "Revolution which we revere," he referred to what had happened more than a hundred years earlier (a hundred years is roughly the period by which most respectable revolutionaries would like to be removed from the fulfilment of their ideals—whether past or future). Driven by necessity to apply the same term to the French disturbances of his own day, Burke grudged the glorious epithet to the horrid occasion. By a coincidence, we now, with better reason, feel the same about Germany. The Germans claim to have made a revolution under Hitler. They flatter themselves. Their omelette was constitutionally dished up to them—and by them—before they started breaking the eggs. Revolution is too good a word to waste on authoritarian brutality.

Not that revolution, whatever we mean by it, is good in itself. It is easy to feel romantic over

> Death and the splendour of the scarlet cap,
> Boston and Valmy, Yorktown and Jemappes,
> Freedom in arms, the riding and the routing,
> The thunder of the captains and the shouting;

but we are very glad that all that was a long time ago; nor can we forget that it was followed by violent reactions into slavery.

Mr. Raymond Postgate, in his excellent book, after mentioning objects of what he calls "a definitely revolutionary character," adds a definition:

> I mean by "revolutionary" that any firm attempt to carry them out would involve a drastic remodelling of society.

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gibe would be unjust, as all such gibes are ; there would, however, be this much in it—that Mr. Postgate's sole considerable proposal for assisting change is the uniting of active Socialist workers upon objects " within the framework of the Labour Party and Trades Union Congress programmes." These " storm-troops " are not, I gather, to be asked to do anything unconstitutional. Is it, then, the objects themselves that are revolutionary ?

Here is the crux of the question. I suggest that not merely contemporary controversy, but a very considerable portion of English historical and political thought (not excepting Burke's own), has made the error of failing to decide, sharply, finally, scientifically, whether by " revolution " it means *the state of society that is to result* or *the method by which that state is to be attained*. The pure Marxist may say that in the master's own writings there is no possibility of such confusion, since the two things are one and the same. However, the two things are not one and the same. They are quite different.

If, for instance, a Bill were put forward in this country under ordinary forms to alter the whole basis of economic life by nationalisation and redistribution ; if it passed all stages in both Houses and received the royal assent—that would be constitutional. But if a simple Bill for the nationalisation of the mines had to be forced through by riot or strike *against* Parliamentary forms, so that in the process the validity and authority of those forms were smashed—that would be revolution.

Revolution depends on the method, not the object. Let us get that clear. And it immediately follows that, in this country at any rate, there is precious little reason ever to anticipate revolutionary action from the Left. For it would be hopeless to attempt such a method unless an overwhelming majority of the country were behind it ; and, once you have your overwhelming majority, you need not attempt the method. There would and could be no serious constitutional obstruction to the unequivocally expressed will of the people. Any obstruction to that would be in itself a denial of the cardinal principle of the constitution—that the will of the people shall prevail. " Reflect how you are to govern a people who think they ought to be free, and think they are not." The thing cannot be done. Of course, some people do not think they ought to be free : the Germans as a whole evidently think they ought to be slaves. But in this country there is a natural persuasion against tyranny.

And because capitalism involves tyranny, that persuasion will sooner or later give us our big, our unequivocal, our overwhelming majority for the Left. I stress and repeat these adjectives : they indicate the essential. Nothing could be more fatal than an attempt to pass drastic (observe that I do not say " revolutionary ") measures on the authority of a snap-and-grab vote, given to Socialism without Socialist thought and Socialist determination. Such measures, so passed, would be certainly and successfully sabotaged. They would lead direct to the triumph of Fascism.

Not that Fascism might not be attempted against the biggest conceivable majority. But when I say " Fascism," I am not thinking of the funny people who call themselves Fascists : my mind goes back to the kind of Toryism which, just over twenty years ago, seemed willing that the constitution should be broken down by armed rebellion.

In any state, government depends on one of two things : political majority or physical force. Sometimes—take Germany again—the two go together. But they need not go together. There may be a clash between them. In our own country, even when there is obtained a clear majority for the Left—perhaps precisely *because* it is obtained—there may arise people willing and eager to use force against it. A Socialist Government will have to see that they are not able to use that force.

Mr. Postgate tells us how Chile, making a revolution, depended upon the guns of its fleet ; then discovered that those were useless since the air force was on the other side ; and finally established the (presumable) will of the people by conciliating the flying-aces. No sociologist can afford to overlook the possibility that, as the cards are distributed in the modern world, an ace can take a king.

More and more, as science and rationalisation concentrate the ultimate power in a few technically skilful hands, it must become important to secure that the few can be relied upon to obey the will of the practically helpless many. This is, I think, the most useful lesson of Mr. Postgate's study.

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Things To Live For. By FRANCIS STUART. *Cape*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

Round the Corner. By PERCY BROWN. *Faber and Faber*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Ninety-nine Lives. By CHARLES VEIL. *Bles*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Limey Breaks In. By JAMES SPENSER. *Longmans, Green*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Four of these autobiographies are histories of young and adventurous lives, the fifth, written by a respectable septuagenarian, affords the contrast and, unconsciously, the comic relief. Reading Major Hole's book I felt in the clammy grasp of a remorseless *raconteur* : the first anecdote excites mild amusement, the fiftieth violent nausea. His favourite jokes depend upon the dropping of aitches, but his ingenuity in dragging in persons of title with whom he is acquainted is much more amusing. His simplicity and heartiness soon, however, become embarrassing ; and one begins to be sorry that a no doubt amiable man should thus expose himself to the public, and to wonder how any man of normal intelligence could have got through life without for one moment doubting the entire validity of the narrow notions in which he was brought up. The only interest I could find in the book was that the author remained so true to type, describing *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, for instance, as " a rather poor novel, well doctored with filth for commercial purposes." In drawing his own portrait this diehard amateur soldier almost rises to caricature.

The four other authors have in common a refusal to run like tramcars along the rails prepared for them. Mr. Spenser began at eight a career of crime which landed him in Borstal, Dartmoor, and the gangster-life of America. Mr. Charles Veil ran away to sea, and became an almost professional dare-devil, living only for excitement, and finding it in flying, spying, drink and women. Mr. Percy Brown, beginning as a carpenter, achieved prosperity as a professional roller-skater, and by enterprise and energy established himself in Fleet Street. Mr. Francis Stuart is a novelist, and able to find a philosophical justification for his temperament, but possessed by the same romantic passion for adventure. Mr. Spenser making a smash-and-grab raid, Mr. Veil flying through the Arc de Triomphe, Mr. Brown reaching the trenches as a stowaway,

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and Mr. Stuart carrying stretchers at Lourdes arrive at a similar emotional tensity. But Mr. Stuart's great fastidiousness gives higher value to his experiences.

Racing, flying, love-making and the religious emotion are in his eyes among the chief "things to live for." His book ends with him at Lourdes, tending the dying and reading the list of starters in the next day's Derby. "How good life is," he cries, "How good in its prodigality and exuberance so that in the midst of suffering and death there are also these great games." He is a good Catholic, but his scale of values is more romantic than Catholic. It is the complete abandonment of St. Thérèse de Lisieux that he admires, as he might admire the sensuality of an adulteress or the virtuosity of Steve Donoghue. The importance of an act lies in the intensity behind it rather than in the object in front of it. Such self-consciousness in the pursuit of the various orders of ecstasy may seem too intellectual and antagonise some readers. And Mr. Stuart in turn would probably despise some of the persons I most admire as bloodless intellectuals. For it is usual for romantics to ignore the wild exhilaration to be derived from the intellect when abandoning every interest it fights its way to the discovery and exploration of truth.

Mr. Percy Brown is the least self-conscious of the adventurous four, but in a tight corner he is the one I should shout for. A rolling stone who has done well by himself by enterprise and ability, he has made the best of his life, and does not make a song about it. He is intensely English in his deprecating romanticism, and I found his book most sympathetic and interesting. *Ninety-nine Lives*, on the other hand, is altogether too much of a good thing, and though documentary proof must exist for many of Mr. Veil's exploits, the journalistic style in which they are recounted makes the reader incredulous. I accept, of course, Mr. Veil as a man in love with danger, but I cannot accept his book as an adequate self-portrait: I may be mistaken, but I seem to smell a ghost. In any case he appears too merely impulsive for his exploits to be significant outside Hollywood or a battle-field.

Mr. Spenser has given the freest rein to his romanticism, and it has carried him into open war with society. In slightly different circumstances it might have made him a popular hero, an aviator, perhaps, or an explorer. But gangsters, however spectacular in films and novels, are merely confounded nuisances in real life. Mr. Spenser's previous book, *Limey*, described his experiences as a gangster in America: the new volume contains the history of his English apprenticeship to crime. Naturally something of an intellectual as well as a romantic, he found that his taste for reading made prison life tolerable. Though he does not complain of Borstal, his account of it is no testimonial to its curative powers. He gives the most telling criticism I have ever seen of the Boy Scout Movement; run with more imagination, it might, one feels, have turned him into a useful person. *Limey Breaks In* is an interesting book, which shows how one type of criminal is made. The chief value of these four autobiographies is the witness they give to the overwhelming power of romanticism, always liable to be a danger to society, but necessary to the individual, giving him at least the illusion that life, however ultimately unaccountable, does in its high moments justify itself.

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CLOSE-UPS OF MIRACLES

Handel. By EDWARD J. DENT. *Duckworth.* 2s.
Franz Schubert. By RALPH BATES. *Peter Davies.* 5s.

Handel is almost the first of the musical biographies in Duckworth's *Great Lives* series to be written by a specialist in his subject. But even if enough details of Handel's life and personality were known (they are not) it would be impossible to produce a readable biography in so few pages. Handel's career was extensive, and he died aged seventy-four. Dent is the next best thing to readable; he is workmanlike and useful. For all his erudition he is human; he says one or two nonsensical things, deliciously quotes a Venetian priest about opera, and writes, of a statue, "Commissioned by an impresario who had made a fortune out of the use of Handel's music, it now appropriately adorns the vestibule of Messrs. Novello's music-shop. . . ." Most of the writing is so sound, though staid, that it is disconcerting to find an ambiguous construction on p. 15, an enigmatic sentence on p. 10, and on p. 63 the words "first initiation." Most readers will wonder how Handel's will (he died in 1759) could have been "executed" in "1750" (p. 132).

Franz Schubert begins with an ominous foreword, comprising two stupid sentences about a stupid glossary to be found at the end, and a third: "If brevity has compelled me to offend by the exclusion of a favourite anecdote, I ask pardon; I also love everything about this man." The justifiable misgivings with which one commences to read a biography so prefaced are not lightened by the irrelevant and would-be-aphoristic observations, sometimes mere fifth-form archness, that mar the first quarter of it. That is a pity, for many may be too disgusted to read further and find that Mr. Bates subsequently reveals an earnest and informed acquaintance with his subject that disperses his initial "smartness" and even almost engenders, by the end, his own loving state of mind. Thanks to Schubert's short life and profuse chroniclers, Mr. Bates has succeeded in getting into rather less space than Dent had for Handel not only a biography that is both thorough and more than readable but an examination of Schubert's music, where of course he is the reverse of readable, and only useful so far as one can share his tastes and, above all, can refer concurrently to the scores. The biography makes one feel that Mr. Bates's proper sphere is novel-writing. He has the novelist's sensitiveness and imagination. He has the knack of bringing a scene to life, and of subtly making his narrative a series of scenes. He has also the typical novelist's fundamental unsoundness of theory. Not only does he suggest that Beethoven would have been Schubert's ideal tutor; not only does he reveal frequently that he for one is acutely antagonistic to one of the soundest reflections in Dent's book (that attempting to deduce a composer's character from his compositions is a "thoroughly unreliable" procedure); but he writes, of the seventh symphony, "I suppose no man hearing this music can escape that sense of witnessing the universe of unseen law and shining constellation." Beyond several errors from which his stylistic exuberance has not saved him there are some misprints, and a shakiness in the handling of German titles.

Both these books, so sharply in contrast, are well worth reading —but with circumspection.

RALPH W. WOOD

SHORTER NOTICE

Infants of the Zoo. By E. G. BOULENGER. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.

We all laugh at that sententious passage in Herbert Spencer's diary in which he solemnly notes down that he patted a little boy on the head, and attributes this irrational behaviour to some survival in himself of the instinct of philoprogenitiveness. Presumably Herbert Spencer's explanation is not adequate to cover the immediate pleasure we find in almost all species of young life. That we feel it is undeniable: as we look through this delicious book we find ourselves full of affection not only for the young lions, tigers, bears, bush-babies and chimpanzees (which, we are told, are almost as intelligent up to the age of three as children of the same age), but also for the sea-lion puppy (an exquisite little beast) and the yak calf and the baby llama, and the extremely comic little tapir, and even for the infant wart-hog, which, when seen feeding from a bottle, is appealing and even pretty. The bird photographs are more lovely still, and infant chameleons have exceptional charm. It is not until we get to the fishes with their myriad offspring that youth lacks these special qualities that make us want to pat it on the head. So much physical beauty, so much unsophisticated enjoyment of life for its own sake has seldom been put in one book. The fifty photographs are excellently taken, and the informative introductory notes are written without condescension or troublesome didactiveness. This book will do for a birthday present for children of almost any age, and it is a mistake to wait till Christmas to get it.

* * *

In the list of Autumn Books last week, the publishers of Miss Dilys Powell's *Descent from Parnassus* were given as "Gollancz and the Cresset Press" instead of "the Cresset Press." The editor of *Hitler Rearms* (Lane) is Miss Dorothy Woodman and not, as stated, Lord Listowel, who contributes a brief preface to the book. And Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse and Mr. Colin Rocke (misprinted *Rocket*) are the authors of *The Master—A Study of Michelangelo* (Oxford).

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

STRAVINSKY'S *Les Noces*, which has just been recorded by Columbia, was once one of my favourite pieces of music, and although it has lost a good deal of its old thrill I still think it is his most important work. It may even be said to be his only really original work, for it is free from the impressionist influence to be found in the early ballets and free from the self-destructive neo-classicism of his later concertos.

It represents in pocket-form his real contribution to European music. Like all his best works it is picturesque and exotic (its austerity, of course, is just as "picturesque" as any lushness).

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But here is no pinchbeck evocation of the exotic of the usual cinematic type; it is a genuine attempt to bring into European music technical methods usually associated with African and Asiatic music (I apologize for lumping the two together, but it is what has happened in the work in question).

Strictly speaking, *Les Noces* has neither counterpoint nor harmony. The overlapping of the voice parts is in no way to be confused with the polyphony of the west. It is a *rhythmic* overlapping whose home is to be sought in the African war dances where two different groups of singers maintain an independence which is probably dramatic in origin. Nor are the chords on the pianos to be confused with harmony in the nineteenth-century sense (that is to say that they cannot be referred back, however remotely, to Western tradition as one can refer back the most astonishing chords in Schönberg). They are only a medium for a rhythmic pattern and are no more capable of a vertical analysis than are the harmonies formed by a group of marimbas in an Indo-Chinese orchestra such as the Laotian.

In his treatment of the vocal line and of the accompaniment Stravinsky is definitely exotic. Where the Western element comes in is in the way he produces and "mounts" his material. This, though not Western from the point of view of traditional musical technique, is Western in general outlook. It is a type of "montage" reminiscent of the "quick-cutting" of Eisenstein and Pudovkin. It may be compared to the treatment of the devil dances in *Storm Over Asia*, where we had an oriental texture of movement presented to us in an occidental frame of sequence. *Les Noces* certainly has a constructional interest which many will not find in Asiatic music. At the same time, by his methods of "montage" Stravinsky cuts us off from the exquisite long-drawn line of Asiatic music which unfolds itself like a Chinese roll-painting.

Les Noces is, in fact, a compromise between the East and the West, the only important one of its kind and an experiment of extreme interest. Whether you feel Stravinsky has made the best of both worlds or has merely fallen between two stools is largely a personal reaction. Personally, I find that after hearing it a number of times *Les Noces* has grown rather thin. The melodic repetitions which I once found physically exhilarating I now found intellectually exasperating. I feel that it is essentially two-dimensional ballet-music which requires the third dimension supplied by La Nijinska's inspired choreography. At the same time I have no desire to dissuade anyone from buying a work which, particularly in its impressive finale, represents Stravinsky at his very best.

Les Noces is recorded on three 12in. discs (Columbia LX326-328), the soloists being Kate Winter, Linda Seymour, Parry Jones and Roy Henderson. Chorus and orchestra (four pianos and percussion) give a very clear performance of the cross-rhythms under the direction of the composer.

An English translation is used, an unavoidable necessity. Not that one hears the words, but the English vowels and consonants rob the work of some of its barbaric colour. Considering the difficulty of the medium the recording is remarkably successful.

* * *

It is interesting to speculate as to the influence of *Les Noces* on Russian music had it been produced in Russia itself. In 1923 Stravinsky had, like the Russian government, "set his face towards the East" and the dual influence of his musical personality and official *parti-pris* might have produced an interesting semi-Asiatic musical culture of some distinction. As it is, the average Soviet composer (with the exception of Mossoloff who, to do him justice, always gives you a run for your money) produces music of the palest pink variety. The principal influences still seem to be Glazunoff, Scriabin, and Miaskovsky (who is a kind of Soviet Saint-Saëns). These particular influences are not to be found, however, in the four short pieces by Soviet composers recently issued by Columbia and played by the Orchestre Symphonique of Paris under Ehrlich.

One ten-inch record (LB16) is devoted to two dances from *The Age of Gold*, a ballet by Shostakovitch (spelt with unnecessary complication Schostakowitsch on the record). All those who have heard Shostakovitch's opera *The Lady Macbeth of Mzensk Province* have been very favourably impressed, and he is by all accounts the most interesting young composer in Russia. He is known here by an early symphony (genre Glazunoff) of no great importance and an amusing suite inspired by Gogol's *The Nose*. It is a pity that for recording purposes they should have chosen these two dances which are merely clumsy grotesques in the cubist-peasant manner. The comic polka is an old joke which has already been done much better by Stravinsky, Satie, Lord Berners, Milhaud, Walton, Casella, Gavin Gordon and Lennox Berkeley, to name only a few. (In fact I seem to be the only composer in Europe who has *not* written a comic polka.) Shostakovitch relies on the most threadbare of orchestral jokes, low raspberry notes on the bassoon, seconds on muted trumpets, distorted chopsticks on the xylophone, etc. But it would be unfair to judge him by what I imagine to be early jeux-d'esprit.

The other record L.B.17 is made up of two "descriptive fantasies" of which the first, *Dnieper Water Power Station* by Meytuss is the silliest piece of music yet recorded. The *Battle of Prague* is a classic masterpiece by comparison. The second, *Steel Foundry*, by Mossoloff has been heard in England at a B.B.C. Concert. Though of no great musical consequence, being mostly our old friend the ostinato in a peculiarly ferocious guise, it is at least very efficiently done, which is more than can be said for the other three pieces. When played with even a half-tone needle the shindy is unparalleled.

It is amusing to notice the way that Russians are beginning to look on machines as having exclusively Soviet virtues much as English people always look upon horses as having exclusively English virtues.

Someone should tell Mossoloff that his music would make just as good propaganda for Vickers-Armstrong as it does for Magnitogorsk.

I will deal with recent classical recordings in my next article.

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But we wonder how much or how little there is in this "clothes-make-the-man" business? Our own view is that clothes can mar the man as much as make him. Put a man into an ill-fitting suit and it may make him utterly diffident.

It will be generally agreed that qualifications alone should count in any appointment, yet, on the other hand, it is at least arguable that to be fittingly dressed is in itself a qualification, a sign of good judgment.

Whether it is a question of some special occasion or just one's appearance in everyday life, the Goss brothers feel that a man owes it to himself as well as to the community at large to be "fittingly dressed." A suit can be made of the best British materials, by hands that take pride in their work, and yet be unpretentious. It is also surely not too high an aim for a tailor who enjoys his job to strive after the mental ease of his customers whilst achieving their physical comfort.

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The Goss brothers do the more important parts of the work themselves. A Goss lounge suit of the very best materials costs from Seven to Nine and a Half Guineas, whilst there is a wide range of thoroughly dependable materials costing no more than Six Guineas for a suit. Dress suits Eight to Twelve Guineas. Overcoats from Six Guineas. Whatever you pay, the standard of Goss tailoring is the same.

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Tailoring

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Party whose idea of marching hitherto has not easily been distinguishable from other people's idea of sitting still.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 26.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 238

Set by John Brophy

The author of a recent book of reminiscences outraged my feelings by describing Greta Garbo as a mere "puppet." A first prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea are offered for a reasoned and specific criticism (in not more than 400 words) of Miss Garbo's achievement as a talking film actress.

Report by John Brophy

I expected some shocks, but I confess I had not realised how disconcerting it may be to find that others share one's enthusiasm—for the wrong reasons. Several competitors enlarged on Miss Garbo's "sex-appeal" in terms which I found over-lush and quite inappropriate. Arthur H. Jenkins baffled me with his reference to "angelic, langourous hues," and Lionel Millard declared that "when Garbo gathers herself for the kiss, ice melts, flames flicker, blood flows." He gets more for his money than I do. (So many entries referred to "Garbo" or "the Garbo" that in the end I had to set aside my distaste for this impertinent and unnecessary borrowing from the operatic world.) For James Hall all film actors are puppets, and T. E. Casson confessed at once that he had never seen Miss Garbo or indeed a talking film of any kind. This did not prevent him from being sarcastic at her expense. Several competitors may safely be commended for perceptive and discriminating entries. Highest in this list comes John Skinner, who deftly pointed out that Miss Garbo "plays, as it were, behind the part in the film another of her own," and noted "the strain of asceticism" which surely is one of her distinctions. "King Alfred" rhapsodised prettily, but was not sufficiently specific. N. A. Smith was acute in distinguishing Miss Garbo's appeals to men and to women. Lester Ralph made a telling comparison with George Arliss, after my own heart. H. A. Riddell was vivid—"she belongs to the stiff upper lip and not the pouting school." Jane Short hit the right nail good and hard when she denounced the bedroom scene in *Queen Christina*. "Waverley" differed from other discriminating competitors (quite rightly, I think) in describing Miss Garbo's figure as "graceful and expressive." And "R.D.B." discerned that she rouses in many of her admirers "what practically amounts to reverence." The First Prize is awarded to Guy Hadley for a criticism which, whatever it may lack in depth and originality, is deftly and easily expressed. The Second Prize goes to "Touchstone."

FIRST PRIZE

The difference between Greto Garbo and a million other film actresses goes beyond degrees of beauty or intelligence. In an age which exalts mass standards and in an industry necessarily governed by such standards she has retained and imposed, unfettered, her own distinctive personality. The screen presence of the ordinary star is an artificial cloak, a physical garment cut in servitude to public whimsy; hence the elaborate "grooming" process used by American magnates to inject into their sirens the requisite amount of "glammer." Such actresses are puppets of the public long before they see a director.

With Garbo physical assets are not decisively important. In fact, judged by the sheer pictorial loveliness of a Dietrich, one dares to say that she is not lovely; a brutal Paris might even point to a certain largeness of limb and straightness of hair as unbecoming in a box-office divinity. And yet criticism on such grounds becomes wholly trivial when we hear her speak and observe her range of expression. It is her supreme achievement to have triumphed with these subtler weapons. Although the essential dignity of voice and gesture contrasts vividly with the more blatant charms of lesser performers, a quality so rare and intangible is not easily defined. It lends to all Garbo's portrayals a spiritual greatness which carries the spectator beyond the character's physical limitations; her Queen Christina showed us a soul illumined in joy and ennobled in suffering.

The tempo of her acting is slow, sometimes too slow. Yet this measured flow suggests a current of immense and tireless strength. Strength and courage in plenty must have been needed, not only to master the new technique of the talking picture, but also to preserve an independence which has never bowed to the merely commercial conventions of the film industry. GUY HADLEY

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 95.—TRIANGLE GOLF

Slicer, Divot and Fluff spend a golfing holiday at North Hoyland. Each morning, as a prelude to more serious business, they play a three-ball match over the first five holes. It is agreed, for the purposes of this match, that there shall be a defined winner at each hole (if two players take the same number of strokes the hole is played again). Stakes are paid, after five holes, on the following basis:

A player who wins a hole receives £1 from each of the others.

A player who wins 2 holes in succession receives £3 (£2+£1) from each of the others.

A player who wins 3 holes in succession receives £6 (£3+£2+£1) from each of the others.

Similarly, £10 for 4 holes won in succession and £15 for all five holes.

Stakes are settled according to differences in the score at the end of the five holes.

This little match is played for eight successive days, at the end of which the position is as follows:

(1) Slicer has lost each day; and each day more than the day before. He won the 4th hole the first day, the 1st hole the second day, and the 5th hole the third day.

(2) Divot won the 3rd hole the third day.

(3) Fluff won two holes (and two holes only) each day. One of the holes he won was the same on seven days out of the eight.

Name the two holes which were won by Fluff on each of the eight days.

PROBLEM 93.—CRAZY WEEK AT THE SABRE CLUB.

1. Analysis will readily show that the division of the participants into pools, and the numbers of contests resulting, must have been as follows:

Day.	No. of contests in each pool.				No. of contests in which each fencer participated.		
	Pool.				Pool.		
	1	2	3	Total	1	2	3
1st	21	21	21	63	6	6	6
2nd	15	21	28	64	5	6	7
3rd	10	28	28	66	4	7	7
4th	10	21	36	67	4	6	8
5th	10	15	45	70	4	5	9
6th	10	10	55	75	4	4	10

There is an alternative distribution of the total of 66 contests, 15, 15, 36, but this does not allow Jack Point to take part in one more next day.

2. Now clearly Jack Point participates in 6+6+7+8+9+10 contests, 46 in all. Cilly Point therefore participates in 29 contests.

i.e. 6+5+4+6+4+4

or 6+7+4+4+4+4

Hence Counter Point participates in

6+7+7+4+5+4

or 6+5+7+6+5+4,

totalling, in either case, 33 contests.

The above is the composer's solution. This solution, however, assumes—what is not, in my opinion, stated with sufficient explicitness—that Jack and Cilly never fight in the same pool. If they fight in the same pool on the second day, Cilly's 29 contests can be:

6+6+4+4+5+4

and Counter's may then be either:

6+5+7+6+4+4=32

or 6+7+7+6+4+4=34

I am gratified at the very large number of solvers who have given this complete analysis.

PROBLEM 92.—THE LITERARY DINNER PARTY.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to R. A. Hamilton, 7 Worcester Crescent, Bristol, 8.

There were 190 correct solutions.

Four points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

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I have a gramophone. I have no gramophone.

(Strike out one of these.)

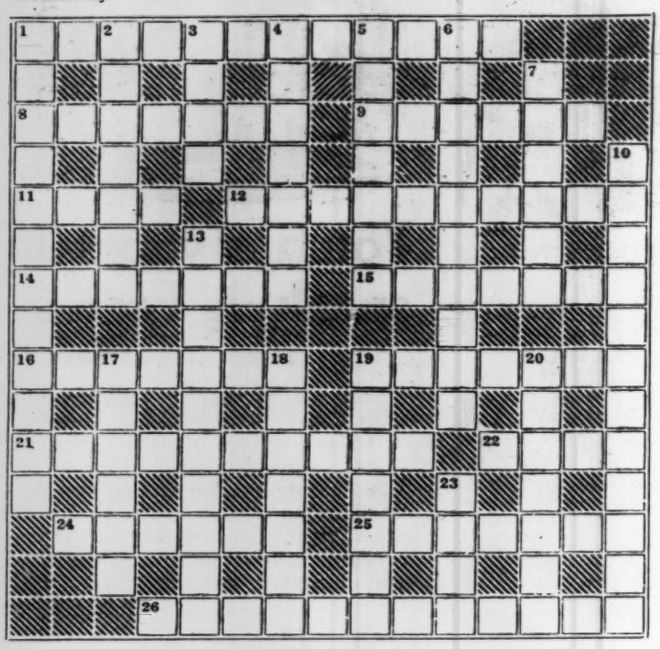
Name .....

Address .....

Please write in Block Capitals.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 241

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
N. K. Stephen, 42 Eton Avenue, N.W.3

ACROSS

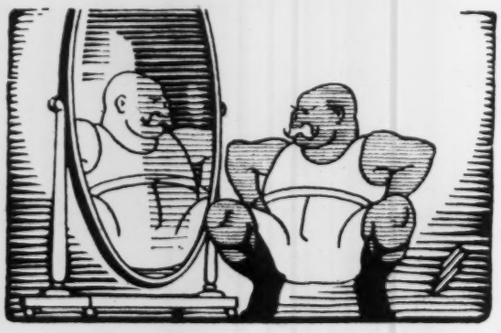
1. A new state produced by spit and polish.
8. This town always has fruit in reserve.
9. Twice as far as 600 rode.
11. Royal demonstrator of wavelengths.
12. The toothless cannot complain of it.
14. Knots that cannot be untied.
15. An uneven little piece.
16. An old archbishop in a hole.
19. A singular surrounding.
21. Distant reckoning in heaven.
22. One end of Babel.
24. A department's composed of experts.
25. Nap first played here.
26. Seasonable time grammatically.

DOWN

1. Firing it drives the engine.
2. I am £.
3. Housemaid's disability.
4. French executive immersions.
5. There's nothing in, alas, to send him back with.
6. Expelled for trespassing in their own garden.
7. You can't do this from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m.
10. Sort of play that's doubly immoral.
13. The Farmer's Boy in the townsman's eye.
17. Julius Caesar's larky legion.
18. The last of women teachers and sorrows.
19. Irish for the Irish.
20. Famously crossed.
23. Rapid part of 10.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

D	O	G	F	I	G	H	T	■	R	O	A	R	E	R
R	■	A	■	N	E	■	■	C	■	E	■	E	■	■
A	N	T	I	B	O	D	Y	■	M	E	L	T	E	D
M	■	H	■	E	■	G	■	S	■	A	■	U	■	R
■	■	■	S	T	R	E	A	M	■	N	E	R	V	E
F	■	S	■	W	■	■	■	A	■	■	■	N	■	D
I	M	P	R	E	S	S	■	C	H	A	M	F	E	R
S	■	A	■	E	■	T	■	K	■	Q	■	A	■	O
H	E	R	O	N	R	Y	■	S	Q	U	A	R	E	S
K	■	E	■	■	■	L	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	E
E	D	W	I	N	■	E	N	D	I	V	E	■	■	■
T	■	H	■	O	■	S	■	E	■	I	■	W	■	I
T	H	E	O	R	Y	■	L	A	S	T	W	O	R	D
L	■	E	■	N	■	■	T	■	A	■	O	■	■	O
E	N	L	I	S	T	■	C	H	E	E	R	F	U	L



DAILY DOZEN

When the chandelier in the drawing room shakes with apprehension, and the cat bolts, startled, through the window, it is probably only father doing his "on the hands down." He is a devotee of fitness, is father, and guards his young figure like an angry lioness guarding her cubs. But the most intelligent part of his routine is his early morning Eno. How that sparkling dash in a glass of water refreshes and revives! How surely and simply it aids Nature in her natural, health-giving habits! And how jauntily father sets off after breakfast to wrestle with bulls and bears in the City.

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NEW BOOKS, including all those reviewed in the "Statesman" and elsewhere, or discussed on the wireless, can be seen at Bumpus's. The new issue of "Bookshop Notes," a commentary on new and forthcoming books of the Autumn and Winter, will be sent on application, and the complete Christmas Catalogue will be ready early in November.

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(Incitement to Disaffection Bill)

It is hoped to have ready for publication next Friday (Oct. 26) a sixpenny pamphlet on the Sedition (Incitement to Disaffection) Bill. This is being written by a legal authority and will be prefaced by

Mr. J. B. Priestley.

The pamphlet will discuss in considerable detail the changes in law which the Bill will create if passed in its present form; it will explain to the ordinary citizen how this Bill menaces his freedom of speech.

Look for further particulars in next week's
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10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

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Our classified advertisements (in newspaper language "Smalls") are growing and for a very good reason. It is estimated that *each issue* of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has not far short of a hundred thousand readers.

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One and Six a line

"Smalls" should reach this office first post Wednesday for insertion that week, addressed to Advertisement Manager,

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

CHINA OFF SILVER—THE AMERICAN SILVER OBJECTIVE—PROFESSOR CASSELS *v.* GOLD—OIL CRISIS—TREASURE RECOVERY

CHINA has decided to keep her silver, but to go off the silver standard. This follows upon the ludicrous Silver Purchase Act passed by the American Congress this summer. The Act delivered a mandate to the Federal Government " to increase the amount of silver in monetary stocks with the ultimate objective of having and maintaining one-fourth of their monetary value in silver and three-fourths in gold." No one outside America took the Act seriously at the time because it entailed the purchase ultimately of about 1,400 million ounces of silver, even if the new silver were to be valued at the old mint price of $1.29½ per ounce instead of the then price of over 40 cents. How was this colossal amount of silver to be secured? The world's production of silver had lately been at the rate of 160 million ounces per annum, and, in accordance with the terms of the silver agreement reached at the World Economic Conference, India had undertaken to restrict its sales of silver to 34 million ounces a year. Total stocks of silver in India and Shanghai were estimated at under 700 million ounces. Thus, the American silver-buying programme meant not only buying up the world's current production, but drawing upon Chinese stocks. Unfortunately, Mr. Roosevelt took the Silver Act of his Congress as a serious command. He began steadily buying silver regardless of Chinese feelings. It is estimated that 300 million ounces of silver have been acquired by the American Government up to date. The drain of silver has naturally had a severe deflationary effect in China, where there is no acceptable paper currency. Moreover, the over-valuation of the Chinese dollar, which appreciated from 10*d*. to over 19*d*. between September, 1931, and September, 1934, has restricted Chinese exports. So China has at last retaliated by laying upon silver exports a tax of 10 per cent. and an equalisation charge equal to the difference, if any, between the parity on London of silver and the official rate of exchange of the Chinese dollar. In other words, she has made the export of silver unprofitable and has unpegged her exchange—the equivalent of a suspension of the silver standard. The Chinese dollar has already fallen to 16⅞*d*. Meanwhile, I expect the smugglers are getting busy. The Chinese pirate should now be in great request for the illicit export of silver. Perhaps the American bootlegger will also take a hand and organise the silver-smuggling business on modern American lines.

* * *

It seems a pity that China did not allow all her silver to go in exchange for gold or sterling balances and then announce her permanent adherence to the sterling standard. It would be delightful to see every silver-using country unload its stocks of silver on America at present prices and then abandon the silver standard for good. The American purchases of silver, while they last, would thus inflate world purchasing power without doing any deflationary harm to anyone. At the moment this fervid American buying has merely created an unhealthy speculation in silver. Since September, 1931, silver has risen from 12*d*. to 24⅞*d*. The speculation in the East is terrific: in London it is lively enough: but in Montreal, where a silver market is to be opened up on October 22nd, it will be more frantic than in India. American speculators who are prohibited from trading in silver in their home country will rush to deal in Montreal. We may ask, what good will come to anyone in America, except the silver producers, from this extraordinary silver legislation? Mr. Roosevelt apparently does not intend the Silver Act to be inflationary. Why, then, indulge a few silver Senators, whose voting power in Congress seems to be grossly over-valued? Perhaps this silver legislation may be traced back to the old " silver complex " of Democratic America. A metallic base for currency is regarded as essential in the United States, which in many respects is one of the most backward countries in monetary affairs, and there is a queer idea that when gold becomes dear, it is an economy to use silver as part of the currency backing. Silver has now enjoyed a rise out of all proportion to the rise in other commodity prices, but when I asked an American economist about the future of silver, he merely replied, " Only one thing can happen to silver; it's gotta go up." I wish the same could be said of silver shares; but the silver-mining companies generally produce other metals (lead, zinc, etc.) which affect their revenue accounts less favourably.

The suspension of the silver standard by China, following upon the suspension of the gold standard by half the world, confirms my heretical faith that both gold and silver standards are a hindrance rather than a help to international trade. Professor Cassel does a useful piece of anti-gold propaganda in the current number of the *Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget*. People have been brought up in the firm belief, he says, that consignments of gold are necessary in order to make up deficits in the balance of international payments, and for this purpose it is essential to have large gold reserves at the central banks. He points out that the gold reserves of the central banks are in most cases inadequate to equalise the differences in the current balance of international payments. As the central banks are always reluctant to part with much of their gold reserves, Governments generally suspend gold shipments whenever the balance of payments becomes adverse. In other words, the balance is restored by allowing the exchanges to adjust themselves to the respective purchasing power parities. " There is no reason," concludes Professor Cassel, " to apprehend that the regulation of international payments would meet with any real difficulty under an international system of paper currencies. There is rather reason to presume that the complete abolition of the gold standard would eliminate a number of disturbing factors from this branch of the world economy." I look forward to the time when the monetary use of gold and silver is left to a few superstitious peoples who believe that paper money or bank money is worthless without the backing of a lump of metal. As China is beginning to see the light, perhaps these superstitions will soon be confined only to the dark continent of America.

* * *

A critical situation has been reached in the American oil industry. The Federal Government's attempt to restrict crude oil production has failed because of the " hot oil " producers and merchants in East Texas operating under the protection of the State laws and with the collusion of Governor " Ma " Ferguson. Mr. Ickes, the energetic Secretary of the Interior, has tried several schemes. One was to induce the big oil companies to buy up the surplus stocks of gasoline in East Texas on condition that the refiners undertook to buy no further " hot oil." This was a bad scheme because as surplus stocks were removed from the market there was a greater incentive to produce more oil illegally. In any case, the big oil companies backed out of the arrangement. Mr. Ickes is now trying the Federal Government's tax scheme—agents being sent into the fields to investigate books and check the records of producing wells in order to collect the tax of one-tenth of one cent levied on each barrel of crude oil. If it was possible to lodge Al Capone in gaol under the tax laws, it ought to be possible, in Mr. Ickes' view, to put the " hot oil " producers and merchants into court. I hope that the Revenue agents will have better luck than Mr. Ickes' agents, who were chased off the oil-fields by the armed guards of the " hot oil " producers, but it is a pity that Mr. Ickes does not fall back upon the old cure of cutting crude oil prices. Crude oil has been pegged for far too long at $1 per barrel, so that the " hot oil " producers have a big scope in selling their contraband stuff at 40 per cent. below the posted prices. For holders of Shell Union preference shares, all this means a longer wait for dividends, but they should not give up hope. The American oil situation will be cleared up sooner or later. Prolific production in East Texas will not last for ever, and all the time consumption is gradually increasing. I would rather have the best American oil shares than the international leaders like Royal Dutch and Shell, for the American market will be restored long before world markets, as a whole, are back to normal oil trading.

* * *

A surfeit of new issues has given the stock markets a mild attack of indigestion. But the issues have been good of their kind and will be absorbed before long. We have not yet been treated to undesirable promotions. This reminds me that in March last I warned subscribers to the Treasure Recovery issue first, that probably no market would exist in the shares; secondly, that the ownership of Cocos Island was in dispute; thirdly, that if the venture were successful, it would precipitate a war. It appears that as soon as the expedition had landed on Cocos Island with full equipment, the Costa Rican Government claimed the island as their own and sent armed police to arrest the invaders. Fortunately, the police suffered from sea-sickness on the voyage, and the leader of the expedition has apologised to the President of Costa Rica. But what about apologising to the shareholders?

COMPANY MEETING

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD, LIMITED

STRONG FINANCIAL POSITION

TEA AND RUBBER PROSPECTS

Presiding at the twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of Harrisons and Crosfield, Ltd., on Tuesday last, Mr. Eric Miller referred with gratification to the improvement in the Company's fortunes, attributable very largely to the fact that both the Tea and the Rubber industries had been put on their feet by international agreement. "We consider," he said, "we are amply justified in making a full distribution of our profits this year. After the final dividends are paid, our free resources and undistributed profits will amount to over £700,000; a very strong financial position is thus disclosed, and is further emphasised by the liquidity of a large proportion of our resources.

"The international scheme for regulating the exports of Tea has saved the industry from chaos. There is some natural disappointment that it has not reduced Tea stocks to a lower level, but I think this is due mainly to the fact that the extent of invisible stocks was previously under-estimated. Regulation of output is in itself a palliative, and not a cure. The power of good advertising is great, and the Tea Producers' Associations are consolidating their efforts in a publicity campaign to impress the public of different countries with the slogan, 'Drink more and better Tea.'"

Turning to Rubber, Mr. Miller said that although during June and July the exports under Regulation were about 70,000 tons less than the permissible quantities, heavy arrivals during the last three months of 1934 will bring about a considerable increase in stocks. On the other hand, "world absorption has expanded at a gratifying pace, and during the next four years at least the Rubber producing industry can look forward to a period of moderate prosperity."

During August and September the exportable percentage stood at 90, internal stocks had been replenished, and shipments under the scheme were not far short of the exportable quantities; native rubber in the Netherlands East Indies, however, continued to be over-exported at about the same rate as in the previous two months. The latter is regulated solely by means of an export duty, and not, as in the case of most other producers, by means of export rights based on individual assessment.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted, and a dividend of 15 per cent. on the Deferred Ordinary stock, making 20 per cent. for the year, was declared.

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